

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

LOOKING SOUTHWARD

DURING June the centre of interest of Latin America's relations with the United States suddenly shifted from the disputed border-provinces of Peru and Chile to Mexico. Secretary Kellogg's admonitory—and at least in appearance unfriendly—press warning to Mexico undoubtedly took that country unawares. *El Universal* said editorially next day: 'During a storm a thunderclap is no surprise; but we do not ordinarily expect to hear one when the sky is cloudless.' All Mexico, regardless of Party or class, naturally sprang to the support of President Calles, and his blunt and prompt reply not only gratified the people but somewhat restored their good humor. To quote a later issue of *El Universal*, 'probably the most disagreeable point in the new international crisis was raised by Secretary Kellogg's intimation that there might possibly be a new revolutionary movement. Everyone knows that such a statement is made with an ulterior purpose.' Accepting the absurd assumption that the American Government threatened President

Calles with friendly support for his presumptive revolutionary rivals, the note defeated its object, for the situation it created probably banished any thought of revolution that may have lurked in the minds of ambitious politicians south of the border. But the storm seems to have blown over almost immediately, and was followed by an announcement that the Government proposed to issue bonds for \$50,000,000 redeemable in twenty annual installments to pay for the private lands it has expropriated.

In order to understand the feeling of the Mexican people in respect to these expropriations, it should be borne in mind that many of the best of these lands, in the most thickly settled portions of the Republic, were expropriated by the ancestors of their recent possessors from the original Indian owners, and that what we call expropriation is considered by the latter merely restitution.

Chile has resumed the constitutional tenor of her way. President Alessandri's restored popularity seems to be wearing well. Not long ago he gave an exhibition of physical as well as moral courage that commended him to many of

his former critics. A procession of striking workmen marched past the Government Offices while he was there. Alessandri, of course, poses as Labor's friend, and owes his election to the poor man's vote. When the President appeared on the balcony he was applauded, but voices were raised in the crowd against him and his Government. The Chief Magistrate promptly descended among the strikers, and standing in their midst 'expressed his opinion energetically with respect to those who were endeavoring to poison the minds of the workers and divert them from the real path leading toward the solution of their difficulty. He warned his hearers frankly that his patience was almost exhausted and that he would take up an energetic attitude against agitators of whatever class or kind. He asked the strikers to send him a delegation, and when this was done he asked its members to name the persons whose outrages had originated the incident. As no answer could be given to this demand, His Excellency informed the delegates that he was always ready to discuss matters with genuine workers, but he would never do so if he found them to be under the influence of unknown individuals whom they could not name themselves and who refused to come forward to take the responsibility for their acts.'



A GRAND PLAY ON THE ORIENTAL CHESSBOARD

CHINA's perennial turmoil discourages analysis. But there is at least a suggestion that a new and grander strategy is beginning to unfold in her historical conflict, and storm flags are flying predicting the gathering of a new tempest in Eastern Asia.

As we intimated last week, the new alignment is supposed to be between Chang Tso-lin, backed by Japan and

other foreign interests in China, and General Feng, backed by Soviet Russia, the Chinese students, and the foreign-hating populace. Charles Daly, writing in the *China Weekly Review*, scouts the idea that Chang and Feng have reached an agreement for the joint control of Peking and are working hand in hand, as some of Chang's supporters allege. He thinks that Feng is playing a deeper and a cannier game, inspired by Karakhan, the Soviet Ambassador, who has far-reaching plans for strengthening Soviet influence in Eastern Asia and thereby establishing new contacts for Communism with the world at large. The Christian Marshal is a younger man than Chang. His network of alliances reaches even farther than that of his Mukden rival. On the north and west it embraces the warlike Mongols, whose country has now associated itself with the Federation of Soviet Republics and has an ambassador sitting as a delegate in the Soviet Congress at Moscow. To the southward it includes the Kuomingtang, the Party of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, which is now in complete possession of Canton, and has inscribed on its banner complete independence for China, the abrogation of treaties granting special privileges to foreigners, and resistance to foreign exploitation. Rumor has it that General Feng may even become the heir of Sun Yat-sen as the chief of that Party. In fact, he was practically proclaimed so by General Li, a Kuomingtang leader, at a recent gathering in Kalgan, General Feng's headquarters.

Meanwhile Karakhan is plotting busily. Taking advantage of labor discontent in the foreign factories at Shanghai and elsewhere, his agents are spreading Communist doctrines among the working masses and creating a dangerous back-fire encircling Chang Tso-lin's military strongholds. He is

also purposely encouraging friction with Chang along the Chinese Eastern Railway zone, where there is abundant material for conflict in any case. He thus compels the Mukden leader to divide his forces, in order to maintain strong garrisons on the Siberian border, when he needs all his troops at strategic points nearer Peking. As a result his armies are badly strung-out all the way from Northern Manchuria to Shanghai. Chang is not overpopular in the southern portion of these territories. The fact that he is backed by Japan, Great Britain, and by France, who have interests in the Chinese Eastern Railway through advances for equipment and for other purposes, does not strengthen him with his own countrymen. America, although she holds more aloof from Moscow than Japan, France, and England, seems up to the present to have incurred less popular enmity than other Occidental Powers — partly because the Christian Marshal has a kindness for our country, partly perhaps because so many of the Chinese students heading the present insurgent movement were educated in the United States with Boxer-indemnity funds. But Chinese hostility seems to have concentrated strongly against Great Britain, though the grounds for this are difficult to discover. Perhaps the proximity of Canton and Hongkong helps to explain it. At least the English fear a Chinese boycott of British manufactures, which would be most unwelcome at the present moment. Among the host of rumors current is that Ku Hung-ming, the Confucian scholar and anti-modernist, who is now residing in Japan, has been appointed one of Chang Tso-lin's advisers.



TUMBLING WAR-TRUSTS

We have recorded previously the

dramatic collapse, usually attended by financial scandals, of some spectacular fortunes made during the period of war contracts and post-war inflation. Now the greatest — at least the most widely advertised — of the great commercial and industrial structures of that epoch — one far more substantial, to be sure, than those previously mentioned — has become embarrassed. The difficulties of the Stinnes-family concern were a seven-day sensation in Europe, and upset the stability of German stock markets; and it was saved from bankruptcy only by the prompt measures of the Reichsbank and a consortium of powerful German financial institutions.

The vast business built up by Hugo Stinnes was not an organic unit. It was not the product of economic or technical necessity. It was never designed to perform a specific economic service or to meet a particular economic contingency, like the Steel Trust, the Standard Oil Company, and similar organizations in America. To be sure, it embraced business groups linking up producers of raw materials and finished goods: iron mines, coal mines, steel works, and engineering works; forests, sawmills, paper mills, and publishing concerns; together with the transportation agencies employed in assembling and distributing these raw materials and products. But the group was not an harmonious one, like the Ford Company for example. Hugo Stinnes laid hands on anything he could buy during the big gamble of the inflation era.

Had he lived, that shrewd organizer and bargain-hunter might have retrenched as soon as German money was definitely stabilized. But his sons continued his expansion policy — even less systematically, if we are to believe German reports, than their father. Now that Germany is having

her convalescence depression, the family properties are discovered to be in about the same condition as the over-mortgaged holdings of a Western land-speculator upon the collapse of a hectic real-estate boom.

Less attention has been given in the press to an analogous collapse in Japan — that of Takata and Company, one of the largest and wealthiest family business-aggregations of the Empire, which is passing through an experience even more disastrous than that of its greater German counterpart.



BROTHER AUTOCRATS AT ODDS

ITALY is one of the countries that established diplomatic relations with Afghanistan shortly after the Ameer freed himself from British tutelage in foreign affairs. These relations are likely to be terminated, however, because an Italian engineer named Piberno has been hanged in Kabul for killing an Afghan policeman. Piberno, who was a former officer of engineers in the Italian army, went to Afghanistan with a number of other specially trained men gathered up by the Afghan Government, in various parts of Europe, to assist in modernizing the country. In spite of the lengthy dispatches in the Italian papers, the actual occasion for his killing the Afghan policeman remains obscure. According to some reports he was resisting arrest; according to others he was merely defending himself from an antiforeign mob. As there are no capitulations in Afghanistan, he was tried for his offense by a native court and sentenced to death under the laws of the country. The Italian Embassy secured a remission of his sentence by the payment of blood money. But his release was delayed, and he escaped from prison — by the very simple procedure of walking out, the guards mistaking him for

an Italian who sometimes visited him. Apparently despairing of getting out of the country, however, he surrendered to the authorities, and was promptly executed. Mussolini has demanded that the Ameer's Government make abject apologies and pay an indemnity of 7000 pounds sterling. The Fascisti press is furious because an Italian subject has been put to death by 'a barbarous State which has not yet adopted the principles of modern legislation.' This is 'nuts' — unless that be too flippant a word to use on the margin of a tragedy — for the Communist and radical press of Europe, which taunts the Fascisti with the murder of Matteotti, whose assassins are known but are too high up to touch, and with the incarceration of Italian scholars like the eminent historian Professor Salvemini, for criticizing the Fascist Government.



POLITICS IN AUSTRALIA

DESPITE confident predictions to the contrary in the London press, the Labor Party won the Parliamentary elections in New South Wales, apparently by a straight majority over all the Opposition Parties. This election follows a pro-Labor swing in the other Australian States, and seems to make a Labor victory in the next Federal election almost certain. In Tasmania a Labor premier, his wife, and his mother-in-law all contested seats, but whether on the same ticket did not appear in the dispatches. In any case, the Labor Party won.

At the New South Wales election in March 1922 the anti-Labor Parties joined forces and defeated a Labor premier. It was supposed that they could do the same again, especially as the Communists had joined forces with the regular Labor organization at this

election, an action which it was thought would drive many of the more conservative workingmen electors into the anti-Labor camp. Sectarian issues gathering around the new Marriage Law, which it was supposed would split Labor into an Orange and a Green faction, evidently did not have the effect anticipated. Naturally the result does not mean a victory of the Communists, although the latter may have acquired some prestige from the outcome. Their Party has announced a platform calling for nationalization and workers' control of banks, mines, and large-scale industries, without compensation to the owners; payment of full wages to unemployed, sick, crippled, and aged workers; a minimum wage of £6 a week irrespective of sex; a working-week of thirty hours — five days of six hours each; full wages for all public holidays and a fortnight's annual holiday with pay for all wage-earners; the abolition of patriotic propaganda in the schools; absolute preference to unionists; and prohibition of the use of the police and the military in trade disputes.

Mr. Lang, the new Labor Premier, who is not quite so radical as his Communist supporters, is a comparatively young man for his office, being forty-nine years of age, and began life as a newsboy in Sydney. Later he was a farm laborer, a carter, and a bus-driver. But when twenty years old he set up as a real-estate agent, became well-to-do in that vocation, and thus established his standing as a Commonwealth proletarian. His programme includes a forty-four-hour week, unemployment insurance, absolute preference to unionists, lower taxes, encouragement for settlers on the land, abolition of fees in secondary schools, country water-supplies and sewerage, preference to Australian manufacturers, lower railway fares, industrial banks, and employee

representation on the Governing Board of the State railways.

In the Federal Parliament Mr. Bruce, the Coalition anti-Labor Prime Minister, meets a strengthened Opposition as a result of recent Labor victories, and his hold upon office is considered somewhat precarious.



THE REAL ISSUE IN SOUTH AFRICA

ACCORDING to a South African correspondent of the London *Economist*, the the British public, and incidentally many Americans, misconceive the real political issues in the Union. These are not so much Imperial as local, and are less racial than economic. Jealousy between Boers and Britishers, survivals of Afrikaner enmity to the Empire, and the question of secession no longer dominate politics. That is why the people can be so sincerely cordial to the Prince of Wales, who comes as an emissary of Imperial interests. 'Beneath and behind the struggle of Boer and Briton there has been going on another and more fundamental struggle, and now it is openly manifested in politics. The first obvious indication of it is that the Party division in Parliament now cuts right across race lines on both sides of the House. In other words, the deeper issues have come to the surface and have subordinated those which were only temporary and secondary. And these deeper issues are almost entirely economic, at least in the practical form in which they occur.'

Gold, diamonds, and land-exploration invited an invasion of outside capitalists into what had been — and still remains for a majority of the people — an old-fashioned farming and ranching country. These large capitalist interests do not have their centre in South Africa, but in London. Their existence had not a little to do with the Boer War. For a time the secession issue then acute

allied the English population with the industrial and mining capitalists. 'But when the war was over and disillusionment began to supervene, the English working population of the towns, especially of Johannesburg, also developed a similar feeling,—that is, of hostility to nonresident profit-takers,—and joined hands with the Nationalists to get rid of the Smuts Government, which was looked upon as a too-willing instrument of the non-South African exploiters.' Consequently the present alliance of the Boer and the Labor voters expresses 'a certain community of feeling among the poorer folk who, whether in town or country, have no other home than South Africa, and whose children have to grow up and be provided for in South Africa.'

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MINOR NOTES

At the League Council meeting in June a commission appointed to delimitate the boundary between Irak and Turkey was scheduled to make its report. It was unable to do so. This

delay was ascribed in some quarters to the rumor that the report was favorable to Turkey and that the British, fearful of losing the Mosul oil fields, had started secret negotiations on the side for their eventual control; and that the delay in submitting the report was in order to enable this trade to be carried out. The *London Saturday Review*, commenting upon the rumor, said: 'Most of this is nonsense. The commission visited a wild and undeveloped country and was forced to work under difficult conditions. This fact alone explains the delay in preparing the report.'

ACCORDING to a cable published in *Asahi*, the new commercial treaty between Japan and Mexico provides that Japanese shall enjoy immigration and landownership rights so long as they are not within 150 miles of the American border or fifty miles of the coast. Commenting upon this, the *Japan Chronicle* says: 'A condition like this seems more objectionable than the outright prohibitions of the California laws.'

FRENCH FINANCE



Hang it, I've struck the French Treasury.—
Le Carnet de la Semaine, Paris



'Le Chauve Qui Peut' (Caillaux).—*Söndags-nisse-Strix*, Stockholm

ON PRESIDENT WILSON'S TRAIL¹

BY KARIN MICHAELIS

IN December 1912 I decided to seek an interview with the President of the United States. My object was entirely private, and quite unusual.

My starting-point was Vienna. There I called upon the American Ambassador, Mr. X., a very amiable gentleman, to request the necessary letter of introduction. Mr. X. was obviously afraid of having his confidence misused; but also he possessed no influence. At least he passed me on to a former ambassador in France, who was an intimate friend of President Taft, Wilson's immediate predecessor. Mr. X. knew that this gentleman, whose name I do not recall at the moment, would be a passenger on the same North German Lloyd steamer that I proposed to take. A letter from him would unquestionably secure me an interview with Mr. Taft, who, although President Wilson was already elected, would hold office until the inauguration the following March. It was quite indifferent to me whether the President's name was Wilson, Johnson, or any other. My object was to talk with the President.

Although I am not an inexperienced person, I started out with the naïve assumption that it would be as easy to get an interview with the President of the United States as with an ordinary king. Yes, such was my unfamiliarity with the world that I imagined a king in a gold crown was a step higher than the gentlemen who are free tenants of the White House for only four

years — and must make such a fight to get there.

So I boarded the handsome express steamer, *Kronprinzessen Cecilie*, full of courage and confidence, and arranged my flowers in the special cabin the Company had placed at my service as carefully as if I expected the President to call on me. The very cosmopolitan company in the first saloon dined at small round tables accommodating six or seven people. The Captain's table was a little larger, and I was seated next to him. We received additional passengers at Cherbourg. I was naturally curious and impatient to meet the gentleman to whom I had an introduction, and was happy to discover that evening that he was to occupy the seat next to me at table.

Now I must confess a personal weakness: it is always very hard for me to ask a favor of a stranger. Whenever that has been unavoidable, I have invariably had to struggle with myself to reach the point of making my petition. It would have been far better if I had said the moment the Captain introduced me to this man: 'Here is a letter, sir, asking you to secure me an interview with the President. Will you do so?' But that seemed to me rather brusque and pushing, so I decided to delay a little, to wait until we were better acquainted and a favorable opportunity offered to broach the subject. I should not have procrastinated, for the thought of this unpleasant duty weighed upon me like a millstone — like a guilty conscience. The result was that I simply could not converse

¹ From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin Stinnes-Estate daily), June 14

naturally and intelligently with my interesting neighbor at the table, but acted like an embarrassed schoolgirl whenever he spoke to me. I was always waiting for that favorable moment that never came.

Our ship was an ocean greyhound, and before I realized it we were approaching New York. My request weighed heavier and heavier upon me. I felt that it would be easier to jump overboard than to make it. The letter was in a little handbag that I always carried with me — a thing of torment. Finally, on the last evening, after an exciting scene with myself when I called myself a cowardly fool and several other unpleasant names, I managed to present my letter. The good gentleman stared at me with wide-eyed wonder because I had not mentioned it before. We talked the matter over, and he gave me this excellent advice. If he should be so fortunate as to meet Mr. Taft soon after we landed, he would arrange for an interview. If not, he advised me to look up the President-elect, Mr. Wilson, who was still living as a private citizen in New Jersey.

A week later I received a letter from the former ambassador. He had thought the matter over, and was of the opinion that, although it would be easy enough to secure an interview with Mr. Taft, it would be better for me to talk my matter over with Mr. Wilson, as he was the man of the future. Anything that Mr. Taft undertook might be forgotten and neglected, or possibly opposed, by Mr. Wilson. Since the ex-ambassador himself was a close friend of President Taft, he naturally was not in a position to introduce me to his successor.

So there I was! Who of my acquaintances knew Mr. Wilson? I could not put an advertisement in the paper, 'Wanted — a friend of President Wilson's.'

Accident came to my help in the shape of a friend, the wife of a well-known American painter, W. M. C. When Pansy C. learned why I had made my winter trip across the Atlantic, she ransacked her memory until she thought of a man who might introduce me. He was not particularly prominent socially, but a wealthy, self-made man in the brewing business. He knew Professor Wilson intimately. They were — well, what you might call friends, and he simply worshiped Mrs. C. He would walk a tight rope across Niagara for her.

So late one evening Mrs. C. wrote a letter that I was to present to her brewer friend at nine o'clock next morning. But the brewer was not to be seen until twelve. At twelve I called, and was kept waiting until three. Finally I was taken in to a very brusque gentleman who quite evidently thought I had come to make some requisition upon his purse and wished to make it plain in advance that such an appeal was useless.

It was necessary first of all to give this man a little lesson in politeness; but he proved very docile as soon as he read Mrs. C.'s letter. Unhappily, however, all my trouble and waiting proved useless. His friendship with President Wilson was not as intimate as had been his friendship with Professor Wilson. He could not secure me the interview I wished. But he clearly did not want Pansy C. to realize this, and in his turn racked his memory to find someone who would present me to the First Gentleman of the Land. An inspiration came to him. A lady often visited a club of which he was one of the managers. This lady, as I understood it, was engaged just then in familiarizing the young Misses Wilson with the forms and ceremonies of higher social life. In fact, one of the President's daughters was living with her.

That sounded promising. I got the name of the lady I was to see, and procured an appointment in writing to meet her a few days later at the club. I seemed to be making progress. But I cannot honestly say that this begging for an interview was very palatable. I felt as if I had been demoted to a sort of Cinderella. But my object was an important one. I did not balk at obstacles.

I shall never forget that glorious sunny January morning at the National Arts Club. Among pictures by painters well-known and dear to me, I met this charming lady. I had the feeling that I had known her since my childhood, since my first dreams of fairies and angels. I should not have been surprised if somewhere on the globe there were a large cemetery filled with the earthly remains of the men who had broken their hearts over her. Never before or since have I met such a perfectly beautiful woman. And she was as kind as she was beautiful. She was ready to do anything to help me — anything, and more too.

Her gracefully extended hands were just as convincing as her assurance that she had always wanted to make my acquaintance, that we must be lifelong friends henceforth.

I explained what I wanted. She understood me instantly, as only women understand each other. Of course she would arrange an interview for me with Mr. Wilson. Of course. We should merely have to wait a few days, for he was so awfully busy just now. But she would do something else in the meantime — introduce me to Miss Wilson, who was staying with her just then. She would let me know when it would be convenient, for Miss Wilson was at that moment very much occupied with a woman-suffrage bill. When I had met Miss Wilson — and she was sure we should take to each

other at once — then it would be mere child's play to arrange a meeting with her father.

This beautiful lady showed so much sympathy for what I had upon my heart that she embraced me, kissed me, and whispered: 'I'll do as much for you as I would do for my own husband.' These words made such an impression upon me that I had an impulse to take off my string of pearls and clasp them around her neck as a slight token of my gratitude. But I had no time to obey this impulse, for a couple of gentlemen — apparently with an appointment — came up just then and were introduced to me. My beautiful friend said they were old acquaintances, and called them to witness that she would do as much to help me as she would for her own husband.

I went home and sat down to wait. My friend had promised to telephone next day. A week passed. She must have lost my telephone number. I wrote to her. A few days later I received an invitation to tea. Miss Wilson would be delighted to meet me.

That afternoon in the home of this charming lady was just what I might have expected. My hostess kept me fairly breathless with her piquant and entertaining conversation. Unfortunately, as she remarked rather casually, Miss Wilson had suddenly been called away to an important meeting, but hoped to see me the following day.

I had such a delightful time in the small but exquisitely furnished home of my new-found friend that, incredible as it may seem, I actually forgot the occasion of my call. When, an hour later, a pleasing young girl in a hat and coat rushed in, was introduced to me in a hasty fashion, apologized for something, and then with profuse apologies tore away again after five minutes' talk, I was merely gratified that the interruption had not lasted longer.

But this young lady was the daughter of the new President. As usual, I had not particularly noted either her name or her appearance. My new friend assured me that she was planning day and night how to get me an interview with Mr. Wilson, but that the poor man had not a moment to himself, and that he was awfully cautious about giving interviews, because his sense of propriety forbade his making any promises whatsoever before his inauguration. But if I did not secure an interview now I should have one immediately after he entered the White House — within the very first day or two. Naturally my friend was invited to the inauguration as a guest of the family, and would stop at the same hotel with them. She advised me to go to Washington and be present at the ceremony. Until we left I must call on her frequently 'in order to get well acquainted with Miss Wilson,' so that she might also put in a plea for me with the President.

Surely I was in good hands. A lucky star had guided me. So, calmly — no, with feverish restlessness — I waited for the inauguration and for the invitation my fair friend had promised. But the latter did not come. Instead I read a few days later in the newspaper that Mrs. X., my beautiful charmer, had just won a divorce suit against her husband, from whom she had separated for 'moral cruelty.'

At Washington, one of the most glorious cities in the world, I was swept into a social whirl. A foreigner can have no conception of the high pressure under which a change of presidents occurs in the United States. An immense diplomatic corps gives the city its social stamp. Manners are freer, formalities are more gracious, and people are more kindly than in other places. Washington has style. In utter contrast to New York, one sees

little of the power of money there. Everything is naturally rich and select, but there is no exhibition of vulgar wealth. Climbers, who inevitably play a certain rôle in New York, cannot get into Washington society. Some of the clubs are so exclusive and difficult to enter that attachés and secretaries of foreign legations are on their waiting-list for years. Yes, a young gentleman, no matter how many quarterings are on his coat-of-arms, and how many centuries back he traces his ancestry, is not accepted if there is the slightest shadow of an objection to his character. No wonder that the social tone is freer and more natural than elsewhere in stiff-laced America.

And yet there was cruelty even here. I spent an evening in a company where President Taft's daughter was present. She was a frank, natural young lady among other young ladies of the same sort, but one felt quite clearly that she had lost status since her father had become the retiring President.

My days passed delightfully, but I did not lose sight of my main object. It occurred to me that I might reach it through the Capitol. That was where the senators forgathered. I had an introduction to one of them, a Mr. J. So I ascended the marble steps of the Capitol to find my senator. He was not there, but I learned his private address, wrote him a letter, and received an immediate reply that he would be delighted to have me call at his house at half-past eight the following morning.

I had never made a formal visit so early before, but I was in America, where everything was possible. So I donned the obligatory white gloves without which a 'real lady' does not appear on the streets, and early on the appointed morning drove down a beautiful shaded avenue to Mr. J.'s house.

No one was up. Everything was wrapped in nocturnal stillness. The window-shades were drawn. A sleepy servant-girl told me that Senator J. was not yet up but would come down immediately. I waited. Heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs. A gentleman in pyjamas and dressing-gown descended. He bade me good morning with the most perfect courtesy and apologized for so early an appointment, but his time was so taken up with political tours that he had to use, so to speak, the nocturnal half of the day. Would I not prefer to sit in this chair? It was softer and more comfortable. As soon as I was at my ease he asked me to explain to him plainly and in detail what I wanted, in order that he might understand the situation fully. I did so. He asked questions; I replied. Thereupon Senator J. rose and said: 'I am very sorry, but I now see that there has been mistake. The Senator J. you want is from Ohio. He is ill at present at a health resort in Europe, but will probably be well enough in a couple of months to return to his Congressional duties.' Whereupon we bade each other adieu, I imagine forever.

I finally decided not to seek another intermediary but to wait until the new President reached Washington and trust to my own resources to get to him. In order to shorten the period of waiting I went to Baltimore for a few days, to visit a lady whose acquaintance I had made when traveling some years before. We had corresponded ever since, and she was exceedingly happy to have me visit her home and meet her husband, who was a professor in Johns Hopkins University. As we sat in front of an open fire and talked over all that had happened since we had crossed the Atlantic together, I naturally told her the purpose of my present visit, and described to her the

difficulties I had encountered in trying to meet Mr. Wilson.

Both my friend and her husband laughed heartily. Then she put her arm around me and said: 'I call this luck. My husband and I have long been intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. We have been invited to the inauguration as the President's private guests. We're going to Washington Saturday evening. I shall tell Mr. Wilson your whole story Saturday night, and I promise you that before the middle of next week you'll get what you want. I shall beg this of him as a personal favor, and I know he will not refuse.' We talked about the matter until late at night. At last I felt that I practically had Mr. Wilson's promise in my pocket.

A couple of days later I was back in Washington. A great procession of women, young and old, from all parts of the country, was marching to the capital to convert Wilson to woman suffrage. Mounted policemen were everywhere; streets were barricaded; flags were hanging from every window; an endless procession of people thronged the sidewalks. Great spectators' stands had been erected along the avenues. Everyone was in festal mood on account of the coming inauguration. The women's demonstration was to be one episode in this big affair. For several days the arrival of the marching women had been expected. Now we were told they were about to enter the city.

I rose early to see the parade. On my way down town — for I was stopping in Sixteenth Street, which ends directly opposite the White House — a blare of military music reached my ears. A merry fanfare of trumpets, fifes, and drums filled the air. Everybody stopped and formed a dense phalanx on either side the street. The procession had arrived. First

came a white elephant with rich, gold-embroidered housings, bearing a beautiful young woman whose flowing blonde hair shone like an open golden fan in the bright sunlight. In her bare arms she held a golden banner bearing an inscription that I could not make out. Behind her followed a company of horsewomen in fluttering robes mounted on magnificent black and white chargers. The horses were led by young men dressed as pages. The sound of music fairly shook the air. The white elephant raised his trunk and trumpeted. I stood as if transfixed. In Europe I was accustomed to think of suffragists as invariably old and ugly. It may have been my own perversity, but I never thought of the suffrage movement as in any way associated with a beauty show. But how was it possible that in a country where the suffragettes were so young and pretty, and so tastefully dressed, that the reform had not been carried long ago?

The procession marched on. A new band approached, this time with clarinets, oboes, tambourines, and various exotic instruments. After them came a couple of dromedaries with basketwork saddlebags swinging on either side, each containing a black-haired woman wearing a golden crown and a red tunic. In fact, suffragettes from all parts of the world seemed to be here in their national costumes. I stared with admiration at young girls in cowboy costume who curvetted past on unsaddled ponies. A ripple of spontaneous applause rose from the spectators. Soon they were cheering to the echo. But suddenly an unearthly, inhuman, shrieking howl clefthe air. I shivered with horror. What could it be? Who would thus maliciously try to destroy the harmony of the occasion? I waited impatiently for somebody to silence the disturber, and also — more eagerly than for aught

else — to see the long procession of dusty, courageous women who had marched to Washington on foot. But the mysterious sound grew louder until it rent the atmosphere. The applause ceased. People waited breathlessly. The sound drew still nearer. Where had I heard its like before? Then suddenly I recognized that what I was hearing was the roar of lions and tigers, and at the same instant I discovered that I was not watching the women's procession at all but Barnum and Bailey's Circus.

Blushing with mortification, I slipped back home down a side street, resolved to keep my experience to myself. That afternoon I finally saw the real procession, which was very different from the one in the morning — a real marching column of tired and dusty but determined women. So far as I was able to learn, they did not succeed in seeing Mr. Wilson.

I witnessed the inauguration from a stand almost opposite the one reserved for the President. Every time he bowed to a passing regiment I saw a little gleam on his professorial face.

Faith is resolute insistence upon that we hope for — and I hoped. I pictured to myself my friend from Baltimore talking over my affair with Mr. Wilson long and intimately the previous evening. I half-expected a breakfast invitation to the White House. Probably the letter was already on its way.

Yes, a letter was on its way — from my friend. In this letter, which fairly dripped invisible tears of sympathy, she said in substance: 'It is utterly impossible for me to do anything. In a private conversation with Mr. Wilson where only his closest friends were present, he stated most clearly and emphatically that as long as he was President he would not be at home to any friend who came to him to request any favor whatsoever.' I read the

letter through twice, and finally understood that the new President did not have the same conception of the obligations of friendship that I had. But I did not give up all hope even then. For I was certainly not one of Mr. Wilson's intimate friends, and he ran no risk in doing me a service — one, moreover, that came within the compass of his duties as a man and as the head of a government.

Since it was apparently so very difficult to get a direct introduction to the President, I decided to go about it circuitously. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was said to take great interest in art and literature. I wrote her a letter in my best — that is, very mediocre — English asking for an interview. It was answered by a lady secretary, to the effect that Mrs. Wilson regretted, but her time was too fully occupied.

All Washington was tremendously excited just at this time. The wife of the new President — number one, not the jeweler's widow — had declared in an interview that she considered it 'unworthy of an American woman' to spend more than a thousand dollars a year on clothes. How many of the fair citizenesses of Washington had spent much more than this sum on their inauguration gowns alone! Naturally, if the First Lady of the Land was not to exceed this thousand-dollar budget, and looked with deep disapproval on a person who did so, society would dress very plainly as long as Mrs. Wilson was Mrs. President. With that facile accommodation that is universal in this world, all Washington instantly about-faced. Mrs. Wilson's statement that a thousand dollars was the maximum that should be spent for clothes was accepted as gospel, and overnight society adopted as its motto in dress: Simplicity.

I became acquainted in Washington with a very exceptional person — an

elderly, unmarried, highly cultivated lady, Miss de G., who knew as much about the art of every country in the world as any professional art-historian. She had traveled the globe over in every direction collecting things, and her residence, from cellar to attic, was half a museum and half a hothouse. Miss de G. was an original type. She never gave a thought to her personal appearance. Not a factory girl in New York would have worn the gowns in which she called upon the crowned heads of Europe and Asia. Her most formal costume was invariably a white or pongee dress cut in the fashion of forty years ago. In spite of her odd attire, however, she was courted in the highest social circles, and it was regarded a privilege to be introduced to her.

Miss de G. had taken a great liking to my books, which she transferred to myself personally. I called on her frequently, and every visit was an unusual pleasure. She collected pictures, Buddhas, cacti, old furniture, musical instruments of savage tribes, and, last of all, brasses. In fact, she was so fond of brasses that I saw no silver in her home. All her tableware, from spoons, knives, and forks to plates and vegetable dishes, was shining brass. When I called she was often entirely alone, for she permitted her maid to go walking every afternoon when the weather was good. As she expressed it: 'These young folks ought to have all the sunshine that God made for them. There will be enough left for us old people.'

One day at this friend's home I was introduced to a certain Miss Margaret. The young lady extended her hand to me with a smile, saying, 'We are already acquainted.' I could not recall her, but politely pretended to do so. The servants were all away, and we two and our hostess went out into the kitchen and made tea. I saw at once

that the young lady was quite at home here. Later Miss Margaret, whose carriage was stopping outside, took me home, after a very jolly afternoon.

But I was not in Washington for pleasure alone. Unless I could accomplish my object I must return to New York. The date of my departure was set. Two days before this a charity concert was given in one of the largest residences of the city. I can describe what it was like by saying that a short time previously I had been invited to a débutante's reception at which seven hundred guests were present. I had two tickets for the concert, and gave one to Miss de G. That lady kept neither an automobile nor a carriage, and always walked. So we strolled down the sunny avenue to our destination. On the way I unbosomed my heart to her, telling her why I had not enjoyed my visit in Washington to the full.

Miss de G. stopped short and exclaimed: 'But why in the world did n't you tell me sooner? That could have been arranged long ago.'

I was too much discouraged to explain that I had been already told the same thing a dozen times and had lost all faith in promises. At the concert we took seats pretty well back. I heard people saying something about the President and his family being in the first row. That interested me tremendously. Naturally, if I had spent the whole winter in Washington, I could hardly have avoided meeting Mr. Wilson, for my associations — since my husband was then in the American public service — were largely in diplomatic circles. But I had no time. I had crossed the Atlantic for a fifteen minutes' conversation with the President of the United States, and I had not been able to get those fifteen minutes. And under the circumstances the sweet singing sounded in my dis-

couraged and disappointed ears like the crowing of cocks when one wants to sleep. The violins were like the screeching of tomcats on the roof. Miss de G. patted my hand sympathetically.

After the concert, refreshments were served in the conservatory. Waiters brought around iced drinks. Suddenly Miss de G. set down her glass, seized me by the arm, and quickly led me away. I thought she must be ill. But she released my arm with equal abruptness in order to clasp the hand of a middle-aged lady, who exhibited signs of the greatest pleasure at seeing her. At the lady's side was Miss Margaret. My friend turned to me and presented me to — Mrs. Wilson! So Miss Margaret was the President's daughter, whom I had met in New York before I ever knew Miss de G.

From my friend's encouraging smile I gathered that she wished me to tell my story immediately to Mrs. Wilson, with the idea of presenting me afterward to the master of the White House.

I cannot tell what happened inside of me. I only know that I would rather have swallowed a package of needles than have stood there and exchanged a few indifferent words with the gentleman whom I had been seeking for the last three months. I turned and hurried to the door, and waited there until Miss de G. came out. Finally she appeared, astonished at my agitation. On our way back she told me that she had been intimately acquainted with the Wilson family for years, that Miss Margaret was almost like her own daughter, and that Mrs. Wilson had asked her several times to close her house and to come to stay at the White House as long as Mr. Wilson was President. And she would try to arrange for me to see the President in the next day or two.

But my hunt for Wilson was ended. The following morning I went to the Capitol, where I secured an interview with another influential gentleman. In the course of half an hour I had obtained what I wanted.

Not only the ocean, but what seems an endless lapse of time, lies between

now and then. Thirteen years have passed. But I still sometimes wake up in the night in great agitation, dreaming that I am chasing through the whole wide universe for the President. And every time that I do so awaken I draw a deep sigh of relief because it is not true.

A SHEFFIELD NIGHT

BY HUGH FLEMING

[*Poetry of To-day*]

HELL-FIRE mirrored
In the Styx,
Colors only
God can mix,
Bang, bang, bang,
The Devil's hammer,
Clank of damned souls'
Chains, and stammer
Of infernal anvil, squeal
Of imps who vomit
Molten steel,
Dragons pawing
Iron like butter,
Monsters munching
Coal, the mutter,
Stench, and sway
Of toiling folk,
And over all
A pall of smoke.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF SHANGHAI¹

A REFORM JUDGE AND THE SEED HE SOWED

THERE was a time not so many years ago when the 'ladies' of Kiangse Road enjoyed a certain respectability; when prominent *taipans* or managers of foreign business-houses were accustomed to giving at these places dinners to which they invited all their friends. But those days of old Shanghai are gone forever, because Shanghai has become 'Americanized.' They put over last week a 750,000-tael campaign to construct a modern foreign Y. M. C. A. building. It was a real 'American' drive, with a campaign chairman, publicity committee, committee on 'lists and office arrangements'—and novel to behold, the chairmen of all of the committees with the exception of the trustees were Englishmen.

But Shanghai 'put over' the Y. M. C. A. project, and since the scheme was not only sponsored by but actually assisted in a most material way by Britons who headed 'teams' and who did their share of applauding when the daily quotas were chalked up on the board, we may definitely state that Shanghai has now turned the corner and has accepted 'Americanization.' Naturally, old Shanghai did not die without a struggle. One Bruce Lockhart, scion of a noble family, but who earns a more or less precarious living by selling bonds for a local savings society, sang the swan song of the die-hards. In a letter published in the correspondence column of one of the papers he, among a number of other things, said:—

¹ From the *China Weekly Review* (Shanghai American English-language weekly), May 23

'The Americanization of Shanghai proceeds apace.

'Its latest "stunt" is this projected Y. M. C. A. "Campaign," with its "teams," its "noonday luncheons at which the workers will discuss plans," and what not—and for what, if you please?

'Well, to put it pithily, just this: To raise the huge sum of \$280,000 to erect opposite the race course a glorified "Hanbury Institute" which shall provide cheap dossing and living facilities for clerical workers, just as the original Hanbury Institute provides these facilities for sea workers. The new "Hanbury Institute" opposite the race course is to be called the "Foreign Y. M. C. A." and doubtless will breed a distinct and particular crop of young "Christians," who can watch the early morning training on the racetrack from their bedroom windows! . . .

'When these American Christians have got those two hundred cheap bedrooms going, it seems to me there will be a lot of Shanghai widows—boarding-house keepers—and children put out of business, who also will have nowhere to lay their heads.

'I make an appeal to my British countrymen, to all of European race who know me or have read me, and to those of my American friends who know me well and are my friends—I appeal to all these to have nothing whatever to do with this American-organized campaign of begging and mendicancy!'

It is difficult to say just when this 'Americanization' of Shanghai really began. Some say it dates back to the

day when Honorable Lebbeus Redman Wilfley, the first American judge of the United States Court for China, established by Act of Congress in 1906, arrived in Shanghai. According to the story, which the old-timers relate, someone told Wilfley on the boat coming out that Shanghai was filled with houses of ill fame, that all of the inmates of these houses called themselves 'American girls,' and that this term was used all up and down the China coast as meaning prostitute. The new judge, anxious to make a record in a new and untried field of politics, announced at a dinner party tendered him by the handful of American citizens at the old Astor House Hotel the first night of his arrival that he intended to 'cleanse the fair name of American womanhood of the stain which Shanghai had placed thereon.' Immediately he instructed his young district attorney to notify all of the 'American girls down the line' to appear in court and answer charges which had been lodged against them. They opposed the order, employed illustrious legal talent, and the town was in an uproar because one of its established and entrenched institutions was being attacked. But Wilfley won out, and all of the 'American girls' had either to leave town or to become wives of non-Americans, thus placing themselves beyond the reach of American law in this land of extraterritoriality. But, in winning, the new judge also lost out, for the storm which he raised never died down, until he was forced to tender his resignation to President Taft.

Since those days of practically a quarter of a century ago the germ of 'Americanism' has been eating into the vitals of old Shanghai. This year the Shanghai Municipal Council completes the total elimination of 'brothels,' a term for these places which would have

been considered insulting in the old days. This five-year elimination scheme for houses of prostitution was, of course, the work of an American with his 'Moral Welfare League,' which kept up the agitation until the city fathers were worn out opposing him. Now the former inmates of these places are reported to be living in more or less respectable rooming and apartment houses, but that's not part of our story. And they say other changes have come about, some without attracting much attention. It is even whispered that there is less drinking at the famous 'longest bar in the world,' that the days are past when a young man coming out to the Far East spends his first five years getting so deeply in debt that it requires another five to get out and still another five to accumulate sufficient to purchase a ticket home. There are still a few cabarets scattered about town, on the outskirts, as it were, where Russian dancing partners are supplied by the management at so much per head and where the girls receive a commission on the wine sold, but if the proprietors of these places are not shivering in their shoes they should be, for their days undoubtedly are numbered.

This change in the character of Shanghai has been gradual but inevitable, despite the protests of the stand-patters. Shanghai has in a decade changed from an out-of-the way town on the mud flats at the mouth of the Yangtze-kiang to a modern world-port with ocean-going steamers calling every week. The citizens are beginning to take pride in the publication of statistics showing the growth of the number of kilowatts of power used, in the figures of tonnage cleared, in statistics proving healthfulness over other ports. Business houses are trying to outdo one another in the style and class of office buildings constructed,

and the citizens mention casually that this building has a modern 'American-style' heating plant, and that one an elevator—not a 'lift,' but an elevator with a 'microdrive' that stops automatically at the different floors.

Competition has had much to do with this so-called 'Americanization' of Shanghai. In the old days, when there were but a few firms or hongs, and they monopolized the trade, it was possible for foreign business-men to take things easy. If they absorbed too many cocktails during the noon hour and failed to arouse themselves after

the noon siesta, it did n't make any particular difference, for the comprador ran the business anyway. But things have changed now, especially since the young Chinese have begun to evince an aptitude for going into modern business. Now there are fewer cocktails before the 'longest bar,' and no noon siestas at all. When the new foreign Y. M. C. A. gets going with its night-school classes in salesmanship and advertising and accounting and efficiency, all will be over but the shouting. The 'Americanization' of the Paris of the Orient will be complete.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF LORNA DOONE¹

BY J. L. GARVIN

RETURNING in this rare June from an enchanted corner of England, you meet an unexpected anniversary. Let us talk of the man and the tale before we take a glimpse or two of the scenes which might nourish a corps of historical novelists. No part of the country is so saturated with one modern book as is Exmoor and all neighboring Wessex with *Lorna Doone*. Most people have missed the fact that the fortunes of the book itself were as surprising as those of its characters. When it seemed about to die of neglect, its immense popularity was created by an event that had nothing to do with its merits.

On the seventh of June, 1825, a hundred years ago to-day, Richard Blackmore was born—not in either of his more beloved counties, Devon and Somerset, but in Berkshire. None the less, in blood and early associations he

was a man of the West. Any reader might guess that he was soundly trained, but not that he was miserably bullied, at Blundell's, in Tiverton. From childhood devoted to the soil and to creatures, he was a fine classical scholar, tried in vain to be a poet, and for long did not know his true gift. He became an admirable market-gardener in a largish way at Teddington, where he died in 1900.

In robust figure and temperament and healthy-minded Toryism, both obstinate and generous, he was as much like an idealized John Bull as any man of his time. The odd thing is that Blackmore was in his fortieth year before he turned novelist in earnest. He wrote for over half a decade without making his name. He might never have made it but for an irrelevant stroke of luck, surpassing any improbability that a modern novelist dare bring into his plot. At the end of the sixties he

¹ From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), June 7

wrote *Lorna Doone*. It was destined to run into scores of editions and millions of copies, to be read throughout the English-speaking world, and to become as inseparable from the Western moors as Dunkery Beacon. No such success of its kind has been achieved since Scott. Among historical novels *Lorna Doone* has had more readers than *Esmond* or *The Cloister and The Hearth*.

But for eighteen months after it appeared the book seemed a dead failure. The publishers lost money. The critics shrugged. The chief journals damned it with faint praise. Then, in the spring of 1871, Princess Louise married the Marquis of Lorne, with whose title Blackmore had imagined his heroine to be connected. He had not the faintest suspicion that what he meant for pure fantasy would come to be associated by the incomprehensible public with a national event then altogether unforeseen. Popular sentiment had been carried away by this royal wedding. As Blackmore himself said, it gave his novel 'golden wings.' 'So grand,' he added, in his sturdy way, 'is the luck of time and name, failing which more solid beings melt into oblivion's depth.' He resented the manner of his good fortune, and it made him unfair to his own creation. For a long time he professed to think that *Lorna Doone* would soon be forgotten. He maintained that two at least of his other novels, especially *The Maid of Sker* and *Springhaven*, were superior. Of course he was wrong. There is hardly one of his novels that the present writer has not read with pleasure. There is something as wholesome as a fresh morning in every one. They breathe wide air. He knows the earth and the elements like a naturalist, a sportsman, and a farmer. But they do not live of themselves.

Lorna Doone took the world by storm after the world's attention was accidentally drawn to it, and is still alive and

gay after half a century. There is a bunch of good reasons for that sequel. It is not great, but apart from being delightful it is considerable indeed. It has some long-winded pages which you can skip with impunity. Any honest reader pursuing his enjoyment knows how to take short cuts at certain windings of the road in most of the classical novelists. The romance is as irresponsible as a fairy tale, which is just what makes it taking. Every effect is heightened. If you tramp up Badgeworthy stream to find the hold of the Doones, you will not see the sinister waters or the rock-walled valley of your dreams. In these matters *Lorna Doone* cares no more for realism than does the *Arabian Nights*. For sentiment Blackmore belongs to the age of innocence by comparison with modern novelists. Perhaps he errs on that side not more than they do on the other. A genuine romantic in his heart of hearts, he made a venturesome love match of his own in his twenties, and when his wife died forty years after he met her he tried to the end of his longer days to keep the house as she left it.

Lush sentiment, then, is the chief defect, but it exceeds only by occasions. That it wells up so brimmingly from a most manly and tender mind is part of the charm. There is not much tushery. Sometimes these seventeenth-century persons do say 'Tush,' but after all it was once a real word and has not been replaced. 'Shut up' is neither an improvement nor an equivalent. On the whole, this is a vigorous and excellent vocabulary, the idiom pure native with no forcing of supposed terms to suit the supposed time. There is one notable anachronism — do we not allow Shakespeare his thousands? Jan Ridd is the ideal West Country Englishman, but once he is made to speak somewhere of the feelings of 'a Briton.' We can hardly imagine

that word being used by any rustic subject of Charles II or James II in the deep English shires a generation before the union with Scotland. Dryden did use the word about the time when the Samson of Exmoor was waging his fight with the tremendous clan of the Doones and winning his lady from those aristocratic ruffians. 'Seemy loved Britons, see your Shakespeare rise,' cries Dryden; but that is, for the period, a rare literary flourish. Probably no ordinary real Englishman ever thought of himself as a Briton for nearly a hundred years after — and perhaps does not yet.

When qualification has said all it need or can, we know why *Lorna Doone* keeps its place amongst historical novels. Full of life, character, episode, and steeped in the sense of place and weather, it is spacious and abounding. First of all it holds you as a tale quick with the primitive sense of strength and wonders. If you open it again you may skip but you will finish. Few novels have a wider range. A score of scenes make an effortless seizure of memory. The pursuit and death of Carver Doone is only one of the things that come very near to the big fights in Charles Reade. The battle of Sedgemoor is partly worked up from Macaulay, but it gives a closer human sense of the state of the West at the time of Monmouth's Rebellion than you will get from Macaulay alone.

As for Blackmore's handling of nature and all the seasons, he is hard to match. You can read him for that quality as you read Gilbert White or Richard Jefferies. There's nothing of the kind to beat the chapter of the great winter. The cold invades you like Poor Tom. Through all seasons you live on Plover Barrow Farm and belong to it.

Above all, the book is crowded with characters who are individual and sep-

arate figures, even if supervivid in a manner proper to the age of Dickens. Great John's physical strength is exaggerated as Lorna's graces are sentimentalized, but they are persons for all that, and you would not for much have missed making acquaintance with either of them. The Doones are all melodrama and film. But as for Tom Faggus, Reuben Huckaback, Betty Muxworthy, Jeremy Stickles, and a dozen others, they are like people you have met and might meet again. From Barnstaple to Bridgwater, from Tiverton and Dulverton to Porlock and Minehead, they are as familiar as anything you see. Even in appreciating the centenary of a novelist who deserves affection and keeps it, no one would think of comparing Blackmore with Thomas Hardy for importance; yet Blackmore was undoubtedly Hardy's precursor in the literary creation of Wessex; and *Lorna Doone* is quite likely to live as long as *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

The literary and legendary tradition of the West goes back to a thousand years before both of them. It is the cradle of the English type. The dream of Arthur and Merlin has entered into the making of us just as much as the existence of Alfred. Except in some altogether spiteful year, Whitsuntide is the fairest time everywhere, and by far the best season for holidays and pilgrimages, whatever Chaucer may say and custom approve. By comparison, spring in this country is too thin and summer too mature. Whitsuntide in the ribbed corner of the West from the Atlantic along the Bristol Channel looking over to the shining edge of Wales has natural glories vanished from most of the land. Was it not on Whit-Tuesday, by the way, that Carver Doone shot Lorna in Oare Church just after John Ridd had put the ring on her finger?

A fortnight ago one thought that when the nation has reserves for wild flowers as for birds — and we shall have to come to it — we must make the chief sanctuary in North Devon. A few miles out of Barnstaple the primroses began to shout and run all the way. You shall see more in a week than near London in a lifetime. The happy motor took Parracombe Hill like a bird and gobbled up the coils of the road like a thrush with a worm. Then the spread of the moorlands on both sides and the light of the sea in front, and you swing round by Lynton through the Valley of the Rocks. Shelley and Harriet came here when life was roses, and here they launched on the tide in the name of universal idealism their bottled manifestoes to mankind. Wordsworth and Dorothy and Coleridge came here. *The Ancient Mariner* was planned to pay expenses, and for a while they thought of making Lynton instead of the Lakes the home of the new school of poetry. The Valley of the Rocks itself, with fantastic pinnacles on both sides, is like a sterile glen breaking down to a deep cove. To this place a curious trick of proportion gives a touch of uncanny grandeur commonly belonging only to wider wildernesses and savage heights. Some experts in travel have compared it with Cintra, near Lisbon, some with Portofino, beyond Genoa.

When the skies are fair, about Whit-suntide, Lee Bay yields to neither. At Cintra you look out to the Atlantic through screens of leaves. At Portofino you look down to the Mediterranean. By sunlight and moonlight this sphere of silver and turquoise seems more like ballet than life. Lee Bay, with some resemblance of situation on the cliff-side, is at no disadvantage, and it has more change and surprise. Passing the jut of a rock between one deep-bitten bay and another, you are suddenly in

a little world to itself, so ample in its bounds yet so cunningly enclosed. On both sides the hanging and shelving woods, approaching as they descend, run down in long lines until they nearly meet where the crags of the jagged little cove drop plumb from the roots of the trees. Between the woods the open coomb, green as a lawn, begins broadly and sinks in soft narrowing slopes to the stream that tumbles from ledge to ledge like falling downstairs.

A hooking curve of the cliff seems to declare the cove half-private still, and suggests the smugglers' paradise that it was. There is something of the sea in *Lorna Doone*, but not much, which is singular, considering that this rampart coast of Devon, with its bastions and inlets, was far more notable for men and adventures than the moors behind. If Stevenson had seen this place, and had learned to manage the dialect, a swinging story of piracy at home might have been the pendant to *Treasure Island*, and a local rival to *Lorna Doone*. From the tower on Duty Point up there you look over leagues and leagues of sea and land, while the foam swirls about the hollows of the rocks eight hundred feet below.

The astonishment when all is said is the color of England in the West. It is like the high Alpine pastures. A fortnight ago the primroses were still spreading in multitudes among the woods and down the banks. Seen from a distance whole breadths of ground where they grew thickest were more gold than green. Hyacinths and wild violets flourished without end. And there was a thing one had never noticed before, or not as one ought. The red campion shone everywhere among the blue. The scarlet pimpernel was there, with sky-eyed speedwell not far away. Gardeners know what it is when tulips faintly flushed are scattered loosely through beds of forget-

me-nots, but Nature also knows how and makes her combinations as though she meant them.

One leaves out a score of other delights among wild flowers in the West, but spires of orchis flourished in the lanes, and the gorse signaled from hills and headlands miles away. While the beech hedges of this excellent country seemed yet as young as April, lilac and laburnum were in full bloom with red and white hawthorn. Not for years have late spring and early summer joined ranks and banners in this way to double the pageant of a season. If 'your ghost shall walk, you lover of trees,' why not yours, you lover of flowers? Then the doubled color of the West for his centenary might lift Blackmore's heart.

And the sounds! Listen. It is the beginning of sunset. The mounted shepherd on the bay horse who rides round at this time burns red; and where falls have rent the cliff the flayed sand-stone takes as deep a glow. The fleeces of the sheep are touched with the same apocalyptic finger. The valley brims with a unity of light and all things are of one mingling creation. Calm is the air; calm lies the sea. From field and wood and cascading streams and high rock and breaking wave the sounds rise in a symphony pastoral and elemental at once that makes the coomb as full of noises as of sunset, yet as peaceable as silence. The sheep are changing pasture with prodigious concern, every lamb with its mother. The crying of the gulls over and under the blackbirds and thrushes is no discord. Running waters, some loud, some slender, have many tones among themselves, and the plunging bass comes in with the rhythm of the tide.

As for Exmoor, reaching it first from the side of the gorges of the Lynn pouring for miles under branches, you traverse the length and breadth of it again to find it unspoiled and unchanged — the same upland solitude reaching away dark and bright by turns, as liberating to the town-fettered soul of man as any primitive landscape still left in what is called our crowded island. Much of its countryside is less crowded than ever — less than in the seventeenth century. A troop of forest ponies suddenly disturbed went off together with tails flying, just as John Ridd knew them. You remember how Tom Faggus, who knew how to make money in trade as well as on the highway, thoughtfully collected Exmoor ponies in the great winter until he had three hundred of them. And near Emmett's Grange, where the mighty view opens southward toward cultivation, two herons rose and winged together leisurely in the air, waiting for the interlopers to pass from a scene that has never belonged much to humankind. That majestic sight made one of the moments that are worth an ordinary month.

What luck was Richard Blackmore's, and how little he knew it. Had he written only his preferred novels, the *Maid of Sker* and *Springhaven*, his centenary on the whole would not have deserved as much attention as that of Wilkie Collins last year, which was perhaps hardly marked enough. Unaware he did what few of the very greatest writers have achieved. Like Wordsworth in the Lake District, he identified himself with a great landscape, where the shapes of his fancy mingle with every sight and sound, and common memory keeps his name alive.

A FRENCH COMMUNIST IN MOSCOW. II¹

BY PAUL VAILLANT-COUTURIER

THE Historical Museum. I am shown through it by Professor Gorodzov, Chief of the Prehistoric Section. The rooms are filled with school-children, accompanied by a teacher explaining the collections. Workers on their weekly holiday surround us.

'Ever since the Revolution,' Professor Gorodzov tells me, 'it is like this. All our museums are filled every day. Sometimes the air gets stifling because the rooms are so constantly crowded with visitors.'

I miss the long queues of people in front of the bakeries that I used to see in 1921. But right on one of the busiest streets I came across a line of working people in front of a door. Looking at the sign above it I read 'Library.' I called on a comrade in a printing office. Before reaching the pressroom I heard a chorus singing a revolutionary song. They were young folks rehearsing, in the theatre attached to the establishment, for the celebration of March 18.

A Soviet State funeral for Narimov, the distinguished Caucasian leader. I follow the crowd. Since early morning all the main highways leading to the Trade Union Hall where the body lies in state have been crowded with workmen. Red and black everywhere. Flags, emblems, costumes. Detachments of militia on foot and on horseback. In front of every closed shop a portrait of the great departed Caucasian Communist side by side

¹ From *L'Humanité* (Paris Official Communist daily), May 21, 22, 23

with that of Lenin, both draped in red and black. Proletarian delegates from sixty nations stand near the coffin, where Armenians form the guard of honor. A thunder of artillery. The Cossacks' lances are lowered; the curved scimitars salute. Airplanes circle above. Here comes, under a cloud of banners heavily embroidered with Tatar mottoes in letters of gold, the Caucasian delegation — tawny men in tall caps, six reversed cartridge-belts strapped across their breasts and long poniards with carved-silver handles at their sides. An unbroken procession files past until dusk, like a steadily flowing river, to the constant accompaniment of dirges.

An Oriental sky, green and star-spinkled. Evening in Moscow. The Tverskaia a flood of light, illuminated signs casting bright reflections on the snow. Flower-sellers wave branches of fragrant mimosa under our noses. A great crowd of people, through with their day's toil, throng the pavements, gathering in clusters in front of brightly lighted shops, or around a street musician, or to listen to a dispute between a hackman and his fare. Theatres and cinemas in full blast. People keep late hours at Moscow. They breakfast at eight, dine at five, and sup at midnight.

Everywhere handsome faces; sparkling, speaking blueeyes; light-stepping, felt-booted feet. A burst of music from a café. Points of flame where people light cigarettes. A crowd of singing working-girls passing arm in arm,

accompanied by a soldier playing an accordion. A street urchin brandishing an evening paper in the air and shouting, '*Vechernaia Moskva, piat kopeck nomen.*'

A gentleman in a tall astrakhan cap and a fur coat kisses the hand of a lady descending from a sleigh. The spirited horse, in his silver-plated harness, steams and champs at his bit. Two passing Communist boys, with close-cropped hair and leather caps perched on the back of their heads, shout at them contemptuously, 'Bourgeois!' and spit loudly on the ground.

At the Hermitage Theatre. When I was here before it was a proletarian house. They played *The Mexican*, a piece adapted from Jack London. And I once saw the children of Kazan suburb give there a wonderful fairy piece which had been composed by themselves.

But the proletarian theatre has been moved elsewhere and the Hermitage is now a place for bourgeois élégantes. This evening they play Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* in a mediocre way to suit their clientele. Between the acts the nepmen promenade through the lobbies. No fine gowns, but some jewels. Everybody tries to look as respectable as possible. Yet I catch a peculiar expression on their faces, as if they were guessing the value of each article their neighbors wear.

In the middle of the show the curtain rises on a bare stage with the scenery drawn back into the wings, crowded from footlights to back wall with the entire troupe and all the employees of the house. This is in honor of three 'labor heroes' — mechanics employed at the theatre who have completed thirty years of continuous service. There are eight speeches. The whole audience of bourgeoisie, accustomed to ignore such people as these, are forced

to rise in honor of these three mechanics. That shows who the present masters are in Moscow.

At the Opera. The grand ballet *Coppelia*. The front seats, the loges, and the gilded balconies are filled with people in sombre garb. The only note of color is the bright kerchiefs on the women's heads. Everywhere working people. One of them checked at the cloakroom, as he came in, a huge smoked sturgeon wrapped in a copy of *Pravda*. A few diplomats scattered in the orchestra stalls. An excellent orchestra. A very young corps-de-ballet, that seems to dance for its own pleasure as much as for ours.

The Theatre of the Revolution. Here everything is proletarian. The bourgeois never attend except to hear themselves ridiculed. The scenery is the last step in new-art audacity. An interesting series of movies is given between the acts.

I meet here a young boy twelve years old, the son of a petty bourgeois, and a member of the Young Communists. His mother is so anxious to go to Paris! I have heard that story often. All the Russian petty bourgeois whom I have met here want to go to Paris.

'And you?' I ask the boy.

'Not I. I want to stay in Russia. The Revolution needs us boys.'

That is no affected answer. I see by the looks of the mother and the son that it expresses a deep-seated conflict between the two.

At the Jewish Theatre. An admirable hit presented as a farce. The actors play with immense verve. At last I find myself emancipated from all deceits of the eye. A circus, a Grand Guignol, and a parade at a fair. Real theatre, according to my taste.

The hall of the Conservatory is filled to bursting. A meeting. Long processions of singing workmen file in. Delegations from the regiments of the garrison and the factories. A fraternal warmth, a spirit of true brotherly sympathy, wells up from this great assembly to the distant Polish prison where Lantsutski awaits his judges. I feel myself in direct touch with the reality of proletarian internationalism.

A morning with great flakes of wet snow slowly settling to the ground and carpeting the streets. A procession of Red soldiers, announced from the distance by its deep bass marching-song — a regiment in full strength on its way to the mausoleum of Lenin.

On the Red Square, the mausoleum itself lying white under the freshly fallen snow. An harmonious structure of brown wood and black nails, a truncated pyramid surmounted by a copy of the tomb on twelve columns. In tall letters the single word 'Lenin.'

A future park; a low railing; armed cadets on guard, each carrying a whistle on a red cord around his neck. Inside one sees the embalmed body of Lenin in a glass coffin. There is no sanctuary in Russia more frequented than this tomb. From dawn until sunset a steady file of reverent people passes through it, never stopping: workmen, peasants visiting Moscow, Communists, school-children, soldiers. A simple and fraternal rite!

Behind this mausoleum, close to the wall of the Kremlin marred by the bullets of 1917, is the long tomb of the heroes of the Revolution, who are Lenin's real guard of honor.

I leave the Red Square and go back down toward the Tverskaia. In front of the Chapel of the Iberian Virgin, plastered against the wall of an entrance likewise marred by bullets, I see a bareheaded bourgeois hurriedly

making signs of the cross before icons of gold and silver.

A man gets lazy in Moscow and is likely to leave without seeing more than the Arbat, the Petrovka, the Tverskaia, the boulevards, the Kremlin, and the corridors of the Komintern. But I choose to pass the anniversary of the Paris Commune on the production front. In fact, I am invited to observe the eighteenth of March at the Kolomna Works, some sixty miles from Moscow. A comrade comes for me at the Hotel Lux, and we sally forth through sunny streets moist with thawing snow.

At the station the waiting-room is crowded with Russians, Turks, and Kirghiz, both women and children. Everybody is talking; everybody drinks tea and smokes cigarettes. I see people eating smoked fish and black bread. It is the Asia Station. We take the express that runs to Tashkent.

Two hours of travel through forests and over prairies. The snow is melting and the fields lie brown between the remnants of the drifts. We cross the Moskva, where the ice is just going out and the water is overflowing the banks. On the horizon we see green church-towers, and black chimneys — the Steel Works of Kolomna.

We visit the quarters of the agitators — little rooms that each occupant has tried to convert into a complete apartment. They recall our tiny cells in the Adrian Barracks during the war — a bed, a table, a washstand, cooking-utensils, a samovar, and food put between the double windows to keep fresh.

There are six agitators stationed here to work with the Communist cells in the factory. Of the seven thousand employees, twelve hundred are organized members of the Party. I feel that I am on a battlefield. The steel in-

dstry is still the weak joint in Russia's industrial armor.

A mass meeting. The room is too small for the crowd, and late-comers pack the corridors outside. On the platform, in addition to the presiding officers, are representatives from each section of the Works. I do not find here the wild enthusiasm of Moscow, but instead the calm resolution that characterizes our Northern proletariat at home. You cannot carry this people away with eloquence—you must prove things to them in black and white.

I watch the expression of the faces in the audience while Comrade H—— translates my words. They assent by nodding; they question by looking straight at me. The Menshevist leader of the region is pointed out to me. He keeps his eyes full upon me, pressing his lips tightly together and scowling at some of my attacks. When I conclude my speech Comrade H—— is fairly exhausted by her task. The audience applaud loudly. A band plays the International and the Song of the Red Revolutionists in honor of the thirty thousand Parisians massacred in 1871.

I descend from the platform and seat myself in the audience. I am conscious of a sort of fraternal curiosity on the part of those around me. Young Communist scouts bring me a resolution that they have drafted, and ask me to carry it back to our Communist boys in France. I notice that many of the people in my vicinity wear new clothes, and that both men and women are as well dressed as the best of our working people in France. There is singing, a play is presented, and the fête ends with applause and laughter.

As soon as the Works open the following morning we begin our round of inspection. It is a battle for produc-

tion, but where is the enemy? The enemy is the plant itself—and also the overt or covert Mensheviks.

The Menshevik? At public meetings he keeps raising difficulties over minor questions. In the Coöperatives and in the factory councils he is constantly undermining discipline. He knows he has been beaten; he knows the immense majority are against him, but he pursues his sterile tactics of demoralization. But none the less I hear of some startling conversions to Communism among them. I have met three of these converts. Little by little the opposition is weakening under the tireless labor of the Communist cells.

But the plant itself? It is a tremendous achievement to turn out any iron and steel whatever with the equipment that they have at Kolomna. It dates from 1892! Nevertheless there must be production, and the plant is making railway cars, tractors, and Diesel motors. The output has doubled within a year.

Each shop has its Red Corner. In the middle of the dilapidated machines lies this tidy little nook where the workers can meet together and a library is provided for them. Upon the walls are mural newspapers, which each shop tries to make as attractive as possible for its readers. This poster press is edited and illustrated by the men themselves. I also see propaganda posters for the Red Aviation and the Red Relief. I notice a physical-exercise chart, a map of the district, and, as ever in the place of honor, a portrait of Lenin. On the table lie newspapers, *Izvestia* and the others, including a satirical sheet called the *Crocodile*. Here is where the workmen come daily to discuss their affairs. It is here they bring their suggestions for improvements.

I talk with several dozen workers with the assistance of my loyal and

exact interpreter. They ask questions, some of which are hard to answer, but their inquiries are always honest and direct. And I ask questions in my turn.

They tell me that there is more or less opposition on the part of the workers to the men placed over them. The rank and file think that the foremen are earning too much,—about \$30 to \$45 in American currency a month,—‘without doing anything.’ I try to show them that such foremen are absolutely necessary. I am also anxious to learn what the workers think of the Soviet agitators, who receive the same salary as the foremen. I ask an old workman about this.

‘Those fellows,’ he says, ‘are not the same. They work hard. See Comrade H—— here. Who would complain that she does n’t work? She uses her eyes to read and teach. Those people teach us. What can we be without teaching?’

‘What do you think of the bourgeois engineers, the “specialists”? I ask another workman.

‘We pay them high wages because we have to have them. When our boys have gone through technology schools we shall be able to get them for just what they are worth and no more. Already when these engineers are Communists we don’t pay them as much. But for the time being we have to pay these bourgeoisie \$100 to \$150 a month. That is altogether too much. They are the boll weevils that eat up our crop.’

‘What is your chief source of complaint?’

‘The machinery. We want to turn out the goods. We know that we are working for the Revolution. But if we are going to turn out goods we have got to have something better than these old machines. They say that they are going to give us credit for

new machines in Europe. We own the Works, but we have got to have good machinery to make anything.’

‘What pay do you get?’ I ask everyone I meet.

A common peasant laborer gets 30 rubles, or \$15 a month; a skilled laborer 40 rubles or \$20; and a trained engineer from 90 to 120 rubles. Foremen are never paid more than 100 rubles. The apprentices work four hours a day and take technical courses for four hours, earning from 18 to 20 rubles a month.

Lodgings cost from two to three rubles up to six rubles a month, including electricity and water. Food costs less than at Moscow. ‘We can eat at the public dining-room for sixteen kopecks, or eight cents.’

I am eager to see this dining-room where you can get a meal for eight cents. At midday soup, one meat, one vegetable, and bread are served—while Byzantine saints look down upon the diners from the walls. That is because the dining-room is installed in a memorial church that the former proprietors built in the middle of the Works. For a time the superstitious peasants who work in the shops, particularly the foundry, refused to patronize the place. They thought it was a sacrilege and that something dreadful would happen to them if they did so. Now they complain because there is not room for them, and wish there were two churches to eat in instead of one.

Snaky rivers of molten metal flow into the moulds of the sandy casting-floor. Steam hammers shape the steel as if it were a clod of clay. We pass in front of furnace doors that lick their lips with flamy tongues. And everywhere I find the same grievances, the same difficulties, the same hopes—everywhere an equal desire to produce for the Revolution.

ALAMEDA DE LOS DESCALZOS¹

BY F. P. FARRAR

By a plausible stretch of imagination, Lima or Rima means 'The Chattering City' — if, that is to say, Rimac is really a present participle of a Quechua verb *rimay*, to chatter. Padre Bernabé Cobo, an historian of the early seventeenth century, says: '*Rimac es participio y significa el que hable . . . por el gran ruido que hace con su caudal cuando viene crecido, que es de suerte que en el silencio de la noche se oye en cualquiera parte de la ciudad.*' (Rimac is a participle signifying a person who talks—on account of the great noise that the stream makes when at the flood, so that during the silence of the night it can be heard in every part of the city.)

Those who are willing to accept this somewhat precarious venture into the domain of etymology will agree that Lima lives up to such an interpretation of her name. 'She talks. Lord, how she does talk!' There are times when the torrent of conversation which surges tumultuously around the most trivial transaction becomes well-nigh intolerable, and a hermit's cell appeals as the most desirable of all human abodes. There is a simple remedy for simple natures. When nerves are stretched and the grasshopper becomes a burden, or when the pocket is depleted and gilded pleasures are unattainable, the Alameda de Los Descalzos — the Popular Alley of the Barefooted — may with confidence be prescribed in small doses.

The Alameda de Los Descalzos lies

¹From the *West Coast Leader* (Lima English-language weekly), May 19

in that unknown region which constitutes Lima's '*rive gauche*.' In the days of Pizarro the journey across the river was something of an undertaking, especially in summer time when the fords were obscured by floods. Indeed, so many lives were lost by drowning that at the expense of King Philip II a wooden bridge was erected in 1554. It braved the floods of fifty years, and when it was swept away in 1608 the existing Puente de Piedra took its place. The Viceroy, Marqués Montes-Claros, built for posterity.

Many people have never seen the bridge at all, except from the one place from which it cannot be seen — the roadway over the bridge. But those who take the trouble to step a little off the direct path will appreciate what a very satisfying structure it is, whether from a utilitarian, an artistic, or an archaeological point of view. Seen from the river bank, it recalls the mediæval bridges of the Rhone at Arles and Avignon. It gives the same sense of conquest over a dangerous enemy below and of aloofness from the human ants who crawl above. The five massive piers were constructed of stone quarried in Chorrillos, and support arches of that mellow brick which it is beyond the attainment of modern kilns to imitate. In the original design the upper part of the bridge was adorned with small turrets, the bases of which are still visible. They fell in the great earthquake of 1746, together with the statue of Philip V which stood over the central span. But the bridge itself bore witness to the wise plan-

ning of its builder and suffered no harm.

The approach to the Alameda de Los Descalzos is discouraging. Socially speaking, it lies on the wrong side of the river, and is reached by passing through what might be called the Commercial Road of Lima, with a superior sort of Whitechapel adjacent. A stranger, indeed, with no directions to guide him, might wander indefinitely through the sand dunes of the slum deserts and never find the oasis which he sought. But his ill fortune, however great, could not be compared to the supreme good fortune of anyone who, never having heard of Los Delcalzos, stumbles upon it unawares. It is like shooting a series of wild rapids, to find one's canoe floating in a calm backwater. So abrupt is the transition from the clatter and chatter of the sordid crowded streets that the stillness almost takes the breath away. The explorer experiences the emotions of a Prince Charming, forcing his way through a tangled undergrowth of weeds and briars to find a Sleeping Beauty bowered in wild roses.

For it is a sleeping world which here dreams the hours away. The one-storied adobe houses, the churches, the trees, seem wrapped in eternal somnolence. The very brewery which might have struck an aggressive note has the appearance, but merely the appearance, of drowsing in sympathy with its surroundings. Only the tramcars — what Goth permitted the profanity of their invasion? — strike a wrong chord in the prevailing harmony.

Stand at the entrance of the Alameda with back to the Calle Copacabana and drink in the perspective. A long alley of shade-giving trees — poplars no longer — framed in a setting of pale-chrome houses, broken by two church-fronts; beyond these a fountain; then a low whitewashed wall topped by two or

three Moorish cupolas; and above, the gloomy crests of the Cerro de San Cristobal and its outlying spurs.

It takes a French writer to do justice to the picture: *L'isolement, le paysage environnant, la nature rocallieuse et sauvage, contribuent à répandre sur cette sainte démeure une auréole de mystère et de piété.*

The original Paseo de Los Descalzos was modeled in 1611 on the Alameda of Seville and was laid out with willows washed by three fountains. By the middle of the nineteenth century these trees are described as being *corpulentos y añosos* — 'aged and corpulent'. Unfortunately the intermittent fever of rebuilding was as prevalent then as it is to-day. The Alameda was considered to be in a neglected condition, and — more heinous offense — 'unworthy of the Capital.' How many artistic crimes have been committed in that name! Accordingly, the corpulent willows were felled and a formal alley in the prevailing mode was laid out by Don Felipe Barreda at a cost of 119,047.70 piastres. How painstaking was the work of this worthy landscape artist can be judged from the fact that he presented his accounts to the municipality to the very last centavo. It must be confessed that Don Felipe did nothing very dreadful, considering the taste of the day; and at a perspective of fifty years nature has softened all that might have been out of harmony with an historic setting. Possibly the citizen of Lima in the year 2000 may take as kindly a view of the plaisances of the Plaza San Martín.

As a result of this renovation the Alameda became the vogue, the Hyde Park of the aristocracy. In the evenings the drive was crowded with a semi-Parisian display of barouches and landaus, while the local D'Orsays in curly beavers and voluminous stocks hung over the railings for the reward of a

smile and the flutter of a lace handkerchief.

The tide of fashion turned again and once more left the Alameda high and dry. To-day it is the Alley of the Barefooted, as it was designed to be.

The coming of the friars to Lima is somewhat obscure. 'History tells us,' says Ricardo Palma in his *Tradiciones*, 'that the Dominicans, the Franciscans, and the Mercenarians disputed as to their priority in Peru. The Dominicans maintained that theirs was the honor, not only because it was so said by Fra Reginaldo Pedraza who came to Peru with Fra Vicente Velarde, of sinister memory, but also because the Marqués Pizarro acknowledged the fact when the Confraternity of the True Cross was founded.'

'The Mercenarians argued that it was Father Antonio Bravo who celebrated the first Mass in Lima, and that, if Pizarro did not chose to acknowledge the fact, his vote was not worth recording.'

'As for the Franciscans, they merely smiled and produced a papal bull which gave them the priority in view of the fact that Fra Marcos de Niza was present at Cajamarca at the capture of Atahuallpa and assisted in the more or less forcible conversion of the Inca prince.'

It is easy to imagine how the dust flew, literally and metaphorically, when the rival orders met and discussed such and kindred matters in the Alameda or elsewhere. One would like to believe that the Franciscans of La Descalced never took part in the street battles of the friars which at one period were not so uncommon.

Be that as it may, the existing number of confraternities increased rapidly in Lima. It is naïvely recorded that 'in 1568, the year in which there was a plague of locusts, the Jesuits fell

on Lima like rain from the clouds.' Toward the close of the nineteenth century there were in the Capital alone twenty religious houses, maintained by and maintaining 1127 monks and 570 nuns.

There were saints and sinners among the holy friars. On the one hand were men of saintly holiness living under conditons of poverty and self-denial; and on the other were tonsured libertines whose lives were an open scandal, a stumblingblock to the faithful. Similarly certain monasteries flaunted their wealth and luxury in the teeth of those humbler houses where the rule of poverty and obedience was strictly observed.

Of the latter class, it is pleasing to note, was La Descalced, the monastery of the Barefooted branch of the Franciscans, from which Los Descalzos derives its name. The monastery was founded in 1592 by Fra Andrés Coro, a Corsican, and was the second Franciscan house to be established in Lima. It had no endowment and the inmates lived by the alms of the charitable. Other religious houses did the same, and in so doing amassed wealth incredible. But this reproach could not be brought against La Descalced. In all its long history it never possessed property of any kind, only the ground on which the buildings stand and the beautiful garden from which the brethren obtained the greater part of their sustenance. The existing buildings remain much as they were in the days when they were first reared under the very shadow of the Cerro de San Cristobal, a rambling white-washed range of chapels, cells, and cloisters, peaceful and lovely in the beauty of holiness, and breathing an atmosphere of poverty, order, and reflection. The words of the Psalmist, inscribed over the main entrance, are the keynote of its calm old age.

*El que habita en el seno Excelso
Esta en seguridad i vive tranquilo
I dira a su Señor tu me proteges
I nada temo pues tu eres mío.*

(He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress;
My God, in whom I trust.)

It was in this monastery that its chief ornament, San Francisco Solano, the patron saint of Lima, was wont to pass the summer months, and the cell which he occupied is still untouched by Time's rude hand. Allowing for the embellishments of legend, San Francisco must have been remarkable even in an age of giants. Born in Andalusia in 1547, he received the habit of the order at the age of twenty. Coming to Peru in 1588, he dedicated himself to the ministry of the gospel among the Indians. He is said to have made over nine thousand converts. 'Always poor and chaste, he crossed on foot mountains and deserts, leaving his footprints behind him stamped in blood; for his only footgear was a pair of sandals studded with nails, the points of which were turned inside and destroyed the soles of his feet.'

In preaching he appears to have been a very Chrysostom. Such, we are told, was the unction of his words and so eloquent was his pleading that when he preached in the Plaza Mayor in 1604 the churches of the city remained open and crowds flocked to the confessionals throughout the night. He died on July 14, 1610, and the viceroy, the archbishop, and the prelates of the city came to kneel at his bier. On the urgent appeal of Philip III, the great Apostle of the Indians was canonized within a few years of his death, the Pope as a signal favor dispensing with the fifty years which should ordinarily elapse before the canonization of a saint.

The life of San Francisco is accounted rich in miracles. The modest number

of twenty-eight was recorded in his lifetime, but the number was increased after his death by two hundred or more. One of these miracles persists to this day. In the monastery garden, a place of shade and peace where doves roo-coo-coo through the long summer hours, is a tank in which the saint used to bathe. In seasons of drought the tank always remains full; and when the Rimac runs a muddy torrent — how muddy our less saintly morning tub has often told us — the water in Saint Francis's bath remains crystal clear, fragrant, and drinkable. The profane might perhaps wish that the saint had taken his baths in the Rimac and worked a perpetual miracle there.

The two other churches which stand in the Paseo de Los Descalzos have little that is historically interesting to note. Like La Descalzo, they were houses without wealth and the splendor of great treasures. On the east side of the Alameda is the Beaterio of Patrocinio, founded by the Congregation of Saint Philip Neri in 1680, on the site where the blessed Fra Juan Mesías herded swine and where he had many divine revelations. Over the west door there is a partially obliterated inscription which records, somewhat after the manner of Pickwick's immortal discovery: —

SEAC

ABOE

STAOB

RAEL

ANOD

1754

If the mood still persists which drove us from 'The Chattering City' to seek an asylum on one of Don Felipe's comfortless marble benches, then the contemplative life is very desirable — and still is useful. The tramps who cluster round the arched gateway of La Descalzo at noon ask not in vain

for the crumbs which fall from Saint Francis's table, and enjoy their alfresco meal in the finest dining-room in the city of the kings.

The glory of the great monasteries of Europe and the Americas has long since passed. They have fallen from their high estate, outlived — who knows? — their usefulness. But the contemplative life will always appeal to certain natures; and who shall say that Nuestra Señora de los Angeles de Descalzos Franciscos does not fulfill some useful purpose in the scheme of the Great Geometrician of the Universe. To arrive at an understanding of Lima past and present, to be able to estimate the future of Peru in terms other than those of accountancy and commerce, every element has to be taken into consideration. However much we may deprecate the methods often adopted by certain of the religious orders, and despise a Christianity imposed by force, yet the example of men like San Francisco Solano and his barefooted brethren of La Descalced are not alto-

gether negligible factors in the formation of national character. It is only too fatally easy to exaggerate the evils and to minimize the good.

Two men looked through prison bars;
One saw mud, the other stars.

The clouds hang low on the Cerro de San Cristobal. A little chilly wind springs up and raises eddying spirals of dust along the deserted alleyway. The Angelus of La Descalced is chiming softly. The stillness of the evening is so overwhelming that it drowns the rattle of the trams as they circulate round the Alameda. In the Plaza de Armas the newsboys are hawking the afternoon papers and the result of the lottery. But here is the Back of Beyond, the Place Where the Rainbow Ends. The inhabitants of Barefoot Alley have no need of mundane news.

A tramp sits on the edge of the fountain and scoops a drink of water with his hand. Perhaps he is wondering about to-morrow's midday meal. Here, in the meantime, is his bedroom.

BROTHER ELIAS GOES INTO BUSINESS¹

BY SHALOM ALEICHEM

'ONE hundred rubles for one ruble! Any man can earn a hundred rubles and more a month by conscientious study of my book. I will send the book to any address, post paid, for one ruble. Don't delay. Order to-day. Don't miss the opportunity; it will not come again!'

My brother Elias read this advertisement in a Jewish paper just after

¹ From *Vorwärts* (Berlin Conservative Socialist daily), May 29 and 30

he came to live with us in consequence of the bankruptcy of his father-in-law. He was now going to set up in business for himself. Elias at once sent a ruble — his last ruble — to the address mentioned, and said to my mother:—

'Thank God, we are saved. Our fortune is made.'

'How?' asked my mother. 'Have you got a job?'

'Better than a job,' answered Elias,

and his eyes shone with joy. 'We've only got to wait a day or two until the book comes.'

'What book?'

'A wonderful book,' answered Elias. He asked mother if she would be satisfied with a hundred rubles a month. Mother laughed and said she would be satisfied with a hundred rubles a year.

'You are too modest,' exclaimed Elias. He went every day to the post office to learn if the book had come. More than a week passed after he sent the money, and it had not yet arrived. Meanwhile we had nothing to live on.

At last the book came!

We unwrapped it, and my brother Elias immersed himself in its contents. Everything was written in it — countless ways of making money, mostly recipes.

There was one recipe for earning a hundred rubles a month by making the best ink; a second recipe for earning a hundred rubles a month by making shoe polish; another recipe for making a hundred rubles a month by manufacturing a poison to exterminate rats, mice, and roaches; another recipe for making a hundred rubles and more a month by compounding liqueurs, sweet schnapps, lemonade, soda water, kvas, and other drinks.

My brother Elias took a fancy to the last of these recipes. In the first place, it afforded a prospect of earning more than a hundred rubles a month, and, in the second place, one did not have to dirty his hands making ink or shoe polish, or fussing with poisons to kill mice, rats, and other vermin.

The next thing was to choose the drink. A man would have to be as rich as Rothschild to manufacture liqueurs and sweet schnapps. A man must have an expensive machine to make soda water. So the only thing that was left within the range of

brother Elias's modest capital was kvas. Kvas is a cheap drink, and a great deal of it is sold, especially in hot summer weather such as we were having. Boruch, the kvas-manufacturer, had made a fortune. To be sure, he sold bottled kvas which had a great reputation. It popped. I don't know why it popped — some said Boruch put raisins in it, others said that he used hops. During the summer Boruch was busy from morning till night. He hardly found time to breathe, but he earned lots of money.

Our kvas was not put up in bottles; neither did it pop. When making it, my brother shut himself up in mother's room. Neither I, nor mother, nor Procha, Elias's wife, was allowed to peek inside. We only heard him pouring water.

I found out, however, the way Elias made his kvas. If you promise to keep it secret, I'll tell you. To make his kvas you must have, first, lemon peel; second, honeycomb; third, a substance that is called cream of tartar, which is much sourer than vinegar; and finally water — water for the most part and principally. The more water the better the kvas. You stir it thoroughly with a stick and the kvas is ready. All that is necessary after that is to pour it into a pail and add a piece of ice. Without the ice the drink is no good.

When the first barrel of kvas was ready it was decided that I should sell it. Who else? It would not be fitting for my brother, for he was already grown up and a married man. We could not let mother go out on the street peddling with a pail and shouting, 'Here, Jews, kvas!' So I was chosen, and I had no objections to the job.

Elias explained to me what I was to do. I was to carry the pail in one hand, by a strap over my shoulder, and

in the other hand a glass, and I was to sing this little song to draw custom:—

Jews, here is your finest kvas!
One copeck for every glass.
Sweet and refreshing is my kvas,
One copeck for every glass!

I have a fine voice—a clear soprano. I went around singing my little song. I do not know whether it was the song or the kvas, but anyway I soon sold my pailful. I brought forty-five copecks back to the house, gave the money to my mother, and got a second pailful. Elias made a quick computation that if I sold ten or twelve pailfuls daily, not including the Sabbath, we should make a hundred rubles a month. That was easy to understand. The drink cost very little. The principal expense was for ice. So I must sell my kvas as fast as possible, so that one piece of ice would do for a second pailful. It took quick work.

A crowd of boys ran after me, but I did not mind them and gave my whole attention to selling my kvas. I do not remember how much I made on the first day. I only know that everyone at home—Elias, and Procha, and mother—praised me highly and gave me for supper a piece of watermelon, two plums, and as much kvas as I wanted to drink. Mother made up my bed on the floor and asked me if my feet were sore. Elias just laughed and said that I belonged to a race that did not get sore feet.

'If you want me to, I'll go out and sell kvas nights, too,' I said.

They all laughed at my enthusiasm, but mother's eyes filled with tears. That is her temperament. She always has to cry. I should like to know if all mothers cry as much as mine does.

Our business ran as smooth as grease. It kept getting hotter every day. People did not know what to do to get away from the heat. Children died like flies. A man would suffocate with-

out my kvas. I sold at least ten pails of it every day. Elias noticed that the barrel was getting low, and it occurred to him to put in a couple of pitchers of water. Let me add that my own wits had taught me this even before that. Almost daily I visited our neighbor Pesya and treated them all to kvas. I would give Pesya a glass, and her husband Moishe too,—he is a fine fellow,—and all the children, ten of them, every one a glass, so they would know what fine drinks we made. Then I used to give some to old blind uncle—he was such an unfortunate old chap. In order to make good for what I used up this way I put more water in my pail. Every time I treated anyone to a glass of kvas I put in two glasses of water. The folks at home did the same, so that our barrel was always full. We did not waste a drop, and earned plenty of money.

Little by little mother paid all our old debts and got back the most necessary things from the pawnshop. We again had a table and a bench, and on Saturday eve we ate white bread, meat, and fish. They even promised me a pair of shoes. Yes, surely we were doing fine.

Who would have thought that our kvas should suddenly lose its reputation? It was lucky I did not go to jail.

I stopped one day with neighbor Pesya and treated them all, without forgetting myself. According to my estimate I needed thirteen or fourteen glasses more. So I went into the kitchen where they kept the water, but instead of taking it out of the water bucket I got it out of the washtub. I put twenty glasses into my pail and went out selling on the street.

A Jew stopped me, handed me a copeck, and ordered a glass of kvas. He drank it and doubled up.

'Kid, what's it you gave me?'

I did not trouble to answer, for two

others were standing there waiting for their glasses. One drank half of his, another only about a third. They paid, spat it out, and left me. Another put the glass to his nose, tasted it, and said that it smelled of soap and tasted salt. Another one looked at his glass, smelled it, and gave it back to me.

'What is that stuff?'

'Kvas.'

'That's not kvas. It's hogwash.'

Another buyer came up. He just tasted the kvas and threw the whole glass into my face. Everybody began to shout and get mad and wave their hands. A policeman saw the crowd and came up to ask what was the matter. They told him. He stepped up to me, looked into the pail, and ordered me to pour a glass for him. He tasted it, spat it out, and jumped on me.

'Where did you get this sewage?'

'It was made according to the book. My brother makes kvas — he makes it himself — '

'Who is your brother?'

'Elias.'

'What Elias?'

'Don't tell him about your brother, fool!' several Jews cautioned me in Yiddish. There was a tremendous racket. A crowd had gathered in a minute. The policeman took me by the hand and was going to drag me away to the police station.

'Have pity on the poor boy! He is an orphan!' everybody began to shout, and I saw that things were likely to go hard with me. I looked around at the crowd and cried: 'Have pity, Jews!'

Someone started to put some money into the policeman's hand, but he would not take it. Suddenly an old Jew with shrewd eyes turned to me and said in Yiddish: —

'Kid, jerk away and beat it.'

I jerked away my hand and ran back home as fast as I could, stumbling into the room more dead than alive.

'Where's my pail?' my brother asked.

'At the police station,' I gasped, and threw myself into my mother's arms. Big fool that I was, I thought they would hang me for selling bad kvas. Nothing happened. All my fear was needless.

'Jenti sells tallow for goose grease, and Jidalje the butcher has been selling bad meat to the people for a whole year without anything happening to him,' a neighbor said consolingly to my mother. But mother is a funny woman. Everything worries her. My brother Elias is much pluckier. It did not worry him. He has learned his book by heart, and there are lots more recipes in it. Now he has started to manufacture ink.

BEARS AND BUTTERFLIES IN SIBERIA¹

BY FRITZ DÖRRRIES

[FRITZ DÖRRRIES is a veteran German naturalist, now seventy-five, who has hitherto published not a line on his adventures.]

I HAVE spent twenty-two years in the primitive forests of Siberia and along its streams in pursuit of butterflies, and I have sent back at least fifty thousand specimens to Europe, where, carefully labeled and mounted, you may see them in the famous collections. When the layman strolls past the cases with these gayly shimmering and glittering things he scarcely thinks of the pains that have been expended by the man who captured them and brought them together. Here I sit, seventy-five years old, in my insect-room at Stellingen with a specimen of the Great Siberian Apollo in front of me. With my magnifying glass I examine the fine lines and the delicate veins in the glassy wings, and then I lay the instrument aside. I remember our struggles in Siberia before collector's luck brought us the Great Apollo.

I was twenty years old when, with my older brother, I traveled from Moscow to Nizhni Novgorod.

Among our fellow passengers, the Tatars interested us most. We stood curiously by at their prayers, watching them, with their faces turned toward the sunrise, laying their hands on their knees, kneeling down, then laying their hands flat upon the deck and bending their heads forward. Our vessel took us through highly romantic Russian

districts, and after several days of travel we reached Kazan, where gayly costumed Tatar women whisked past us, their faces carefully veiled. This strange foreign life so interested us that we were almost ready to forget our butterfly expedition and stay where we were. But tearing ourselves away at length, we pushed on to Perm, at the foot of the Ural Mountains, and at length reached the city of Tiumen on the Asiatic side. Here stood a guide-post with the laconic inscription, 'Europe' and 'Asia.'

Now once more we went on board a little river-steamer, but this time there was a dismal sight to see—some three hundred criminals, of all nationalities, men and women, hemmed in a heavily barred cage, all the men with the right side of their heads shaved. We covered the distance to Lake Baikal in fourteen days. After crossing it we had to hurry in order to push on along the Mongolian border and reach the Kentei Mountains, since on our journey through the steppes and the forests we found that the insect life to which we expected to devote our attention during the summer was already beginning. After two days' travel we came at last to the village of Malaia Kudara, high up in the wild Kentei Mountains. Here, some three miles from the town, on a little brook, we built ourselves a log cabin in the mountains, from which we could make expeditions into the surrounding country.

We had reached the kingdom of the butterflies at last, and could get to

¹ From *Uhu* (Berlin popular current-topics monthly), May

work with our deadly cyanide jars. We took the day-flying butterflies with the net. Whether in Germany or Brazil, in Africa or in Siberia, this always means the same kind of chase over stock and stone, with all the amusing interludes that the comic papers have made familiar. Often one must chase with all his might, because these lovely creatures fly over incredibly wide spaces. Some have been known to fly from Sumatra in swarms across to the continent. We took night-flying moths on a linen cloth stretched diagonally, which I illuminated from behind with a dark lantern. The moths would come to this white space by hundreds, until my brother could hardly work fast enough with his cyanide jar.

In the high-lying pine-forests we made rich hauls, taking with our nets a rare varying species of the Apollo which thus came under scientific investigation for the first time. In the stony cliffs we also came at last upon the Great Siberian Apollo, a magnificent specimen, and among the plentiful flowers of the fertile mountain gorges we found all kinds of day- and night-flying forms.

In spite of our innocent and harmless occupation, there were men even here whose fanaticism did not permit us to stay in the mountains. In one of the villages a woman had said oracularly: 'If the Germans take the butterflies away, the sun will shine no more, and our grain will not ripen.'

Though they ordered us to go away, we were hardly inclined to abandon our butterfly paradise so easily. One day we found ten armed Russians standing in front of our house, while we were concealed behind the trees at the edge of the forest. I shouted to these heroes to go away, because we had repeating rifles, and they grudgingly departed. There were also criminals in the neigh-

borhood, who sought the lives of the 'rich Germans.' One night the barking of our dog wakened us, and only after bloodshed were we able to drive the rascals off.

Soon after that we left Kudara. Our route led across the long Iablonovoi range to the Amur River. It was an extraordinarily harsh winter. At a temperature of 76° below zero we had to camp in the open at the foot of these mountains and at a height of fifteen hundred feet. We used to chop our bread with an axe, soften it in hot water in order to refresh ourselves, and then, a moment later, find it crusted once more with ice. Once we came upon a Russian nearly ready to collapse, who begged us for something to eat. The poor fellow told us that he had set out with twenty others on a mountain survey and that he was the only survivor of the surveying party. All his comrades had perished.

The object of our perilous journey was to see the famous Witches' Mountain, the Sokhondo, and to hunt for butterflies. When we reached the highest peak of the Iablonovoi range we paused to look about. A magnificent panorama of giant mountains lay before us, lightly veiled in clouds, so that the valleys between the ridges and the giant gorges were partly veiled. A mighty eagle hovered in the blue ether near us, circling in his majestic flight above the glorious panorama. A realization of the nothingness of man, of the pettiness of my own existence, swept over my soul. Far to the south, heavily veiled in mist, the Sokhondo was visible. No butterflies here. But we were glad that we had seen the ill-omened old giant of a mountain, and felt that all our efforts were richly paid.

In continuing cold weather we pushed on down the Amur and reached the town of Khabarovsk at the mouth of the Ussuri River. Summer came,

and our butterfly hunt began again. Insects of every kind were plentiful, and we also gathered a large collection of rare species of birds which, carefully prepared, went to museums in all the principal countries. One beautiful June morning we came upon a by no means pleasant competitor who, like ourselves, was an ardent insect-collector and absorbed in the hunt. We came upon him suddenly, standing in the high grass some thirty feet from us. It was Mr. Ursus Arctos, subspecies *Behringianus*, the biggest bear in Asia. As we had no firearms and were not in the least inclined to quarrel with him, we withdrew politely and gave him precedence. The big fellow, ten feet long, growled a couple of times and moved into a thicket, so that we could resume our occupation once again.

All kinds of mishaps befell our butterfly-hunting here. One day, as I was near the settlement of a native tribe who live chiefly by fishing, I heard an alarming uproar in one of the huts, and as the tumult went on, growing stronger all the time, a feeling of responsibility led me into the hut, where I beheld this picture: On the *nara*, or bed, lay a pallid emaciated woman, no doubt a victim of tuberculosis, not far from death. In front of her stood a shaman, or medicine man, with his bear's cap on and his helpers at hand. The whole room was full of incense smoke which took my breath away, and amid blasts on a trombone and ringing of bells all the people were shouting in tones that only sturdy throats could produce. The tribesmen had their weapons — their lances, spears, and javelins with freshly sharpened points placed upright in order to drive the Devil from the dying woman. When the shaman had finished, he took his choice of two sable-skins, ten pounds of millet, and two pounds of tobacco, climbed into his

boat, and started back to his own village. Now the natives turned to me. Since we spent our days running after butterflies with our nets, and our nights stretching cloths to catch moths, it seemed perfectly clear to these honest people that we must be magicians. Some of them may perhaps have seen that we killed the insects with our mysterious jars, and must have concluded that we were lords of life and death. I had great trouble in avoiding these good people, who insisted on making a miracle-worker out of me. There was nothing I could do, for the woman was dead the next day.

After we had carefully packed up our rich haul of birds, butterflies, and beetles, we bought a spacious boat and went up the Ussuri to a distant tributary, the Bikien. At one bend in the river we were spectators at a curious comedy. Close by the riverbank sat a brown bear with his right paw in the water, every now and then jerking out fish from the foaming stream. He gathered his catch together, and at length settled down to his dainty meal with great contentment.

Some sixty miles upstream from the point where the Bikien met the Ussuri we spent the rest of the summer, getting many new insect treasures, so that we could look forward without concern to adventure. Along the Bikien River live a tribe called the Reindeer-Golds, and farther up toward the source are the Orochony, two extraordinarily interesting peoples, in type like the Indians. The Orochony are ardent and enduring hunters, and even the women accompany the men, armed with lances, and often fight bears. Many a time an Orochon who had been badly hurt by a bear would come rushing to me covered with blood, and I would dress his wounds and give him new clothes since his own

cap and shirt, leather trousers, and leather jacket were completely soaked in blood. Here I had an opportunity to get together a great collection of ethnographic objects which were later star exhibits in various museums. Of especial interest was a cradle. These are passed down from generation to generation and clink with countless silver talismans which relatives of the new-born have brought and hung there. An Orochon baby spends the first part of his life amid the constant clinking of silver.

The autumn storms had blown the last leaves from the trees. The migratory birds had departed to warmer quarters and only the winter birds, woodpeckers, tomtits, and finches, remained. November began with heavy storms and driving snow. Our house was completely buried under white snowdrifts. After we had knocked a few boards off the roof, we could go out in the open again, and now we could hunt on native snowshoes. One day after I had shot a deer I struck off into the mountains on the trail of a gigantic bear who, to all appearances, had not yet set up winter quarters. In the spring of the following year we came to the same place with native hunters and found a tremendous bear with a huge tiger ten paces away, both dead of the wounds that they had given each other. The head of the bear, in the pelt, was forty-eight centimetres long and almost as wide. The whole skin, with careful preparation, was saved, but during the course of the winter the tiger's body had served other tigers, besides wolves and foxes, for food. I got the bear's bones carefully together, and after scrupulous measurements decided that the total length of the animal was 2.89 metres. This precious specimen found its way into an English museum.

Our path took us farther into the thickly forested territory of the Suifun River, where a rich flora promised a good haul of insects. But soon our work here met with disaster. On our first exploring trip in this vicinity I heard my brother's dog, some six hundred feet above me, barking furiously, and then inarticulate shouts from my brother. Soon the poor fellow himself came rushing down, bleeding heavily from many wounds. He had come on a Tibetan she-bear with her cubs, been overpowered, and badly wounded, but had been saved by his dog, who would not let go until the huge brute gave up her prey. After I had given my brother first aid, I got him to the German hospital in Vladivostok and turned back once more to the scene of the disaster. After six hours' hunting, my dog ran down the group of rascals in a tree. A shot in the neck of the big she-bear satisfied my longing for revenge, and I let the cubs go.

We had rich collections when we turned homeward, and when we settled once more in our insect-room and began to look over our material. Every one of the little creatures, as he came under the magnifying glass, brought back memories of privation, adventure, danger, need, and death. Twice since then I have gone back to Siberia, and, including all my trips, I have lived there twenty-two years, alone in the giant, silent forests, on huge icy rivers, on mountains whose treasures are not yet exhausted. To-day much is written of this Siberia as a land of the future, as an economic territory of the greatest importance. But I look at my Siberian Apollo with a tender eye and think of the wonderful romance of adventure that I have lived through in my years of service to the beautiful butterflies of Siberia.

THE RABBITS

BY PHYLLIS HOWELL

[Welsh Outlook]

THEY are the dwellers of the woods:
Within its leafy solitudes
They live their little lives, and play
Their games until their short-lived day
Is ended with the setting sun;
And at its closing, one by one,
They creep where Death invites them to his fold
Out of the darkness and the cold:
From burrows in the tangled grass
Their bright eyes watch the horses pass:
The slow cart rumbling down the lane
Turns the last corner, and again
They venture forth, shy dwellers of the woods
That flee as soon as human foot intrudes.
Oh, take me at the last and let me lie
Among the grasses, tall and high,
And leave me there (I shall be nothing loath),
Leave me with the rabbits in the hidden undergrowth.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

YES OR NO

THE American manager who, a few years ago, compelled Miss Zona Gale to write a new last act for her play, *Miss Lulu Bett*, and give it a happy ending might take a lead from the book of a new Viennese dramatist, Friedrich Lichtnecker, whose *Yes or No* was produced at the Kleines Theater in Vienna. The play deals with a man who is supposed to be dead and who comes to life suddenly to find himself surrounded by a crowd of hypocritical mourners, who, including his own wife, are obviously disappointed at his resurrection.

The hero is very much disturbed. He questions the desirability of his own existence and, seizing a revolver, appeals to the audience, asking, 'Yes or No?'

Here is where the dramatist's ingenuity comes in, for the progress of the plot from this point on is decided by the audience's vote as to whether the hero shall live or die. If the audience decides that he shall remain alive, there is one ending. If the audience decides the other way, the hero obligingly blows out his brains. In either case the spectators have no quarrel with the ending, since they have chosen it themselves.

The idea is too clever to be successful, and those who have seen it complain that the play becomes somewhat boring after its exceedingly witty first act.

Arthur Schnitzler has been having a Viennese performance of his five-act poetic play, *Der Schleier der Beatrice*, which was written twenty-three years ago, but in spite of its author's fame is only now reaching the Austrian stage. Even now it has had a rather imperfect

production. Which shows that even when he has become famous a dramatist's troubles are not over.



THE GOOD POINTS OF JAZZ

A FRENCH journalist, Marcel Thiébaut, contributes to the *Journal des Débats* a series of pointed reasons why jazz music deserves more approval than it usually gets. 'Frenchmen owe a good deal to the jazz-band, which has provided many peaceful citizens with cause — always received with delight — for indignation; journalists, material for sundry articles; soldiers on leave, some pleasant if clandestine evenings; hotel men and dancing-hall proprietors, substantial profits. Literature also owes some debts of gratitude to the jazz-band. It has found its way, as principal theme or as episode, into a fair number of theatrical productions, and, in some way I cannot describe, has communicated its epileptic charm, stumbling and disarticulate, to several novels which for some months have stirred with enthusiasm the receptive throng of readers.'



A BUDDHIST ABBOT'S MOVIE

A NOTABLE example of the readiness with which Oriental religious leaders are seizing upon Western methods of propaganda is offered by the recent exploit of Otani Kocho, abbot of a famous Buddhist temple in Japan. Dissatisfied with the progress of Buddhist missionary endeavor, he decided to write a propaganda film, for which he himself provided the scenario. It recounted the story of a sea captain,

personifying the evil of this world, whose specific misdeeds took the form of abusing his crew, smuggling opium, and conducting intrigues with geisha girls. His vicious career ends with his conversion by a pious Buddhist monk. Production was undertaken by the Nikkatsu Film Company, with the coöperation of Buddhist nuns.

Disaster began when the Japanese seamen's union made up their minds that the honor of sailors was being assailed in the figure of the captain, and threatened to take measures if the film was produced. The abbot's promises of modification met with no particular favor, and the film had to be abandoned.



NEW BALZAC MANUSCRIPTS

It will be news to most lovers of French literature that there are manuscripts by Balzac, some scarcely more than sketches, others practically finished, which are still unpublished, though happily they are not likely long to remain so. They include a short story called 'Pierrette'; a tragedy in verse, 'Cromwell,' one of Balzac's early writings whose existence has long been known; and some additions to the *Contes drolatiques*.

The latter collection of Rabelaisian tales was regarded with great seriousness by Balzac himself. Originally planned to include a hundred, it never reached more than a third of that number, and fire destroyed most copies of the early editions of some of those. In 1837 Balzac announced two others and gave their titles. Now five stories, more or less finished, have been discovered by M. Marcel Bouteron among the Balzac papers in the Library of Lovenjoul. Some of these extend only to a few pages; others need only a final polishing. The 'Pierrette' and 'Cromwell' are now being edited by American scholars. The new fragments of the

Contes drolatiques will probably be printed in France.



CHRISTIAN RELICS IN ASIA MINOR

An anonymous archæologist who modestly veils his identity under the letter Q has some interesting tales to tell in the *Manchester Guardian* of Christian archæological finds in Anatolia. One of the most important is a fragment of a Christian tombstone, the significance of which lies in the fact that it antedates the recognition of Christianity by Constantine. The inscription has a double meaning. It may be made to mean that the man in whose honor it was raised was a civilian official in an administrative department of the Empire, or it can be read to indicate that he was a Christian bishop.

The obvious conclusion is that, even before the official recognition of the faith, Christianity was gradually acquiring a kind of quasipublic status in Asia Minor. One might be a government official and a Christian at the same time, but it was not good form to emphasize the fact too much on your tombstone. There is another old milestone not far from Konia which gives evidence that the birth of Our Lord took place in 8 B. C. and not, as has often been asserted, in 4 B. C.



PADDED TRAVEL

MARK OVER, who writes a weekly column for the London *Outlook*, utters some home truths as to travel books and the sins of their authors:—

It seems to be merely a convention that travel books must be double the size and price of the novel. I cannot believe that their authors get paid twice as much as novelists. Another mystery is the license allowed to the traveler in the matter of bad writing, padding, and general inco-

herence. Any sort of writing is apparently considered good enough for this sort of book. The standard seems to be far lower than in the novel or short story, and that, Heaven knows, is low enough. In a way this may seem an unfair comparison; but if people are going to write at all, either fiction or fact, the reading public which is asked to buy their books has a right to expect at least grammatical if not distinguished writing. But many authors of travel books do not even reach that standard; they have hardly a notion of putting three sentences together.

And the padding! It would not be tolerated, by any publisher who knew his business, even in the most benevolent biographies — and these are often wordy enough.

There must be people who will *buy* the right sort of travel book. The sales of a few travelers who can write — say, H. M. Tomlinson, and Hilaire Belloc, and Stephen Graham, and Norman Douglas, and William McFee — would, I imagine, be sufficient evidence on that point. Books by these authors are *bought*. They go into edition after edition — but not at sixteen shillings. How long is the life of the sixteen-shilling books of the other sort? Six months sees them in the remainder market; and even there they are seldom worth even a fifth of their original price. And yet, apparently, certain publishers go on encouraging these spoilers of good paper.

*

AN ACTOR'S ANECDOTES

Empty Chairs, the new book of reminiscences by the famous English actor-manager, Sir Squire Bancroft, deserves to be read if only for its wealth of anecdote. Besides the usual theatrical reminiscences, — and some that are not usual, — there are glimpses of three famous Victorian poets. The first is a vivid little snapshot of Tennyson:

The only time I saw the Victorian poet laureate, a picturesque figure, was on board a Channel steamer. He passed

between Calais and Dover on the bridge, talking with the captain and smoking a short clay pipe.

The second is of Browning and Longfellow — who in everything but nationality deserves the adjective 'Victorian.'

When he first dined with us he was made happy in finding a bottle of port by his hand, that he might help himself and not be offered other wines. I remember a story he told us of Longfellow when he visited England. The two poets were driving in a hansom, and a heavy shower suddenly came on. Longfellow insisted upon thrusting the umbrella through the trap in the roof of the cab, so that the driver might protect himself from the rain — which he did.

Anyone who shares the common and human — though usually shame-faced — love of puns will enjoy one attributed to the older George du Maurier, artist for *Punch* and father of the modern actor: —

'Fellows will write to me as *de* Maurier; I wish they would give the devil his *du*.'

Sir Squire also tells an anecdote which puts Darwin's famous opponent, Wilberforce, in a more sympathetic light than that in which the modern world usually sees him: —

My old comrade, John Hare, had a seaside home at Overstrand. The Archdeacon visited him one day, and Hare, who was never without a dog, put a question to him.

'Do you really believe, Archdeacon, in a hereafter for our dogs?' he inquired.

'Indeed I do,' said Wilberforce.

'But do you mean that I shall really see my dog again?' Hare persisted.

'Undoubtedly — if you are good enough,' was the response.

*

ATTACKED BY LIONS

As the small boy in all of us dies hard, most people will find interesting

this story of a fight with lions, from the *Cornhill Magazine*.

As they were smoking over the camp fire they heard several lions roaring angrily and apparently approaching the camp. C. realized at once that they were not hunting for meat, but seeking vengeance, and meant actually to attack the camp. They were evidently attracted by the skins of the lioness and the young lion shot by Z. that morning, which were pegged out near the camp fire just in front of the hut.

C. thought that he had better return at once to his party, as they were very nervous and might start shooting indiscriminately — one of the Boers, who had been badly mauled some years ago, was thoroughly 'panicked,' and had already opened fire. Z., who was a very cool hand, stood by with his orderlies and waited till he could see the eyes of the approaching lions, who appeared to be five or six in number, before firing. They came on snarling and growling savagely almost up to the fire, and only retired before a regular fusillade. As they were still hanging about, Z. called up half a dozen or so of the Askaris, now thoroughly aroused and standing to. No less than three times did the infuriated beasts attack the camp, and it was a marvel to Z. how they all escaped the regular hail of bullets poured into the darkness at close range.

Meanwhile C. had a very difficult time with his Germans, who all turned out armed to the teeth, while the mother of the leader of the party hung around his neck, waving a jeweled revolver dangerously near his ear. It was all C. could do to prevent them from loosing off in all directions; as it was, several bullets did hit the wagons, but fortunately there were no casualties.

At dawn Z. had again sallied forth and found a fine black-maned lion on the kill, whom he dispatched with a single shot through the heart. Talking it over, C. was of opinion that this was the gentleman who had led the attacking party of the night before, and that he had sought to avenge the death of his 'lady fair' whose skin lay pegged out in Z.'s camp.

It was, I believe, almost unique for lions to attack two large camps protected by several fires and to face so persistently such heavy firing.



MR. KIPLING, POLITICIAN

THE knowing individual who writes the introductory quips in *Passing Show*, the London comic weekly, offers a bit of interesting gossip about Rudyard Kipling: —

I have just managed to nose out the interesting fact that Rudyard Kipling is very much in the confidence of the India Office nowadays. His personal connection with the P.M. has of course largely helped to bring this about, but his vast knowledge of Indian affairs is very helpful at the present crisis. Also he has the art, rare even among professional diplomats, of keeping his mouth tightly shut. He is the least garrulous of authors.



NORDIC MARRIAGE

WEDDED bliss in the Nordic homeland, according to *Figaro*: —

The recent death of the wife of a famous Scandinavian dramatist led a famous newspaper to ask a famous Scandinavian critic, who was not a friend of the Allies during the war, for an obituary article. This is the critic's reply: 'I cannot write the article you ask for, because I am the one man in the world whom she disliked most — next to her husband, that is.'

BOOKS ABROAD

Advertising, by Sir Charles Higham. Home University Library Series. London: Williams and Norgate; New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1925.

[*Morning Post*]

SWEET are the uses of — advertisement! Yet it may also be abused, and then becomes one of the most dangerous forces in the world — for example, the revolutionary propaganda conducted by Soviet Russia. It has been roughly estimated that the world's annual expenditure on advertising is between five and six hundred million pounds or about twice the yield of the British income tax as it is to-day.

Advertising is not a new thing by any means. In Pompeii and Herculaneum, to take but one example from classical antiquity, walls in prominent positions were covered with important public announcements printed in black and red, while libelli, or bills, made known to the public things that were lost or found, absconding debtors, estates for sale, and so forth. But it is only in recent times that advertising has become universal and ubiquitous — the intelligence department, so to speak, of the great business of distributing commodities of all kinds.

To neglect the study of so vast an activity of the human mind would be folly, and it is well that a volume on the subject by Sir Charles Higham, perhaps the greatest living authority, should have been added to the Home University Library. His little book is a triumph of compression, full of facts without 'factiness,' and its readers will have a working knowledge of the psychology as well as the history of advertising in all its phases. His chapter on 'Morality in Advertising' is particularly to the point, for it will kill the current delusion that it can ever be profitable in the long run to advertise dishonestly, by means of exaggerated statements composed in equal parts of puff and piffle.

In Chapter XI, 'The Advertising of Ideas,' Sir Charles Higham develops a conception that occurred to him many years ago, when he wrote: 'We must add the trained qualifications of the publicity expert to the visionary's inspiration, to the reformer's humanity, the statesman's sense of rulership.' The sale of War Savings certificates, a stabilizing factor in politics and economics, was a striking instance of the value of organized publicity for national purposes. A cure for revolutionary propaganda, he thinks, could be organized

on the same lines, and the chapter contains other interesting suggestions of the kind.

Here, then, is a little book which should be in the hands of all concerned, either directly or indirectly, with the business of advertising, and should also be studied by the general reader who wishes to know more about the organic growth of the world we live in to-day.

The Common Reader, by Virginia Woolf. London: Hogarth Press; New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1925. \$3.50.

[*Affable Hawk in the New Statesman*]

The Common Reader, by Virginia Woolf, is a most uncommon book. It contains twenty-five essays, five of which are character sketches of minor literary figures, the rest being critical essays on authors as famous as Chaucer, Defoe, Montaigne, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Conrad, and others. They have been reprinted from various papers and retouched; in their origin, therefore, they were occasional.

Now, a book of this kind, as all reviewers know, is difficult to review. The subjects have been dictated in the first place to the author by editors, and they are consequently not necessarily subjects which exhibit most clearly the critic's point of view. For example, it is doubtful whether Mrs. Woolf would, of her own initiative, ever have chosen Addison as a theme. We cannot regret that she has written about him, for she has written about him well, but there it is: the reason she did so had nothing to do with impulse. Yet this essay, oddly enough, helps me to catch hold of a reviewer's thread. It is not among those of her essays which have impressed me most, but what strikes one about it is that it is extremely level-headed. Addison is an author of whom it is difficult to say anything true which is not at the same time a commonplace. She never omits to say what is important because it is not new, and at the same time she manages to convey her own personal response to Addison's writings — a response which is not enthusiastic.

Memories of Forty-Eight Years' Service, by Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. London: Murray; New York: Dutton, 1925.

[*Saturday Review*]

THIS narrative is a worthy record of a distinguished career. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien tells

us that he undertook the task of its preparation for the instruction of his sons. We are grateful to him for having been persuaded to place it forthwith at the disposal of the reading public, who will find it replete with interest throughout, and who will be especially glad to read the author's own narrative of the brilliant action by which he saved the British Expeditionary Force at Le Cateau. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien writes very much as he fights, without any fuss or flourish, and goes straight to the heart of the situation every time.

The first and larger half of this book takes us to the scenes of most of the campaigns in which the British Army has been concerned for the last fifty years. The author joined the 95th Regiment — afterward the 2nd Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters — in 1877, and speedily managed, by means of what he calls 'an unwarrantable piece of cheek,' to get himself detailed for special service in the Zulu War. He was one of the five officers who escaped from the massacre of Isandhlwana; he attributes his marvelous preservation to the fact that, like the other survivors, he happened to be wearing a blue patrol-jacket. Cetewayo had told his impis that 'black coats were civilians and were not worth killing,' and young Smith-Dorrien rode on his broken-kneed pony right through some four thousand Zulus, busy spearing the red-coats, and was not touched.

The brief account of Isandhlwana is a vivid piece of writing. The red tape which Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien has always regarded as the worst of foes then first obtruded itself on his notice. The disaster was due mainly to the want of ammunition, and while a party of cooks, servants, and so forth whom he had got together was busy breaking open the tightly screwed-up boxes which had been left in the wagons, a quartermaster severely reprimanded him for interfering with a box that belonged to another battalion. One of the pleasantest pages in the book describes how promptly and efficiently General Smith-Dorrien cut swathes of red tape when he took up the Aldershot Command, with the best results for the comfort and efficiency of the troops. . . .

The most important contribution to history in Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's book is, of course, his account of the retreat from Mons and the Battle of Le Cateau. It does not, indeed, make any serious modification in our knowledge of that episode since the publication in 1922 of the first volume of the Official History, in which for the first time a judicial and trustworthy appreciation of the situation on August 25-26 was given to the general reader. But General Smith-Dorrien's account of the reasons which led him to make his vital decision to stand and fight, as the only chance of successfully extricating his corps

from a position which looked desperate to Headquarters, is extremely interesting. The outstanding features of that famous day, in his view, were 'the steady discipline and accurate rifle-fire of the British soldier,' and 'the fog of war so thick on both sides.' All that we know from German, as well as British, sources confirms our opinion of the wisdom of General Smith-Dorrien's action. The difficulty of his decision may be gauged from one fact. When Sir Henry Wilson telephoned on the morning of the twenty-sixth to urge him to break off the action, and got the reply that he 'was feeling confident and hopeful of giving the enemy a smashing blow,' the Chief of the Staff replied: 'Good luck to you; yours is the first cheerful voice I have heard for three days!'

Sanditon: A Fragment of a Novel, by Jane Austen. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1925.

[*The English Review*]

It is an open question whether the publication of unfinished, unrevised work can be just to an author, or desirable for the reader. But we have only welcome for anything new from so rare a genius as Jane Austen, whose output, moreover, was tantalizingly small. This last 'fragment' offers delightful reading in itself, with many examples of her subtle and polished humor, while the critic will learn much from such evidence of her methods in working up the artistic perfection of phrase and character in everything she herself considered worthy of print.

Here the characters are introduced with many a clear, firm touch. We can see how they will face life, and are already longing to know what life has in store for them. The 'hero' does not seem to have appeared, but Charlotte Heywood's lightly satirical observation of her first 'visit from home' indicates that she, and not Clara, the villain's victim, will probably play heroine. Once more the accomplished wickedness of 'Sir Edward' is playfully borrowed from the popular novels of her day, which Jane Austen delighted to expose.

The plot is also comfortably on the way to arrange itself according to one of her favorite plans, although the neat handling of a 'commercial speculation' is new material for her to attempt; and, for the first time, one of the 'characters' is developed from an exotic, mixed race.

♦

BOOKS MENTIONED

BANCROFT, SIR SQUIRE. *Empty Chairs*. London: John Murray, 1925. 10s. 6d.